THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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CHARLES LEVER.

Graphic Sketch of the Dashing and Gifted Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Tom Burke of Ours," and "Davenport Dunn."

The Son of an Englishman, He was More Irish in Character and in Genius Than Many of the Irish Themselves.

[*Dublin Evening Telegraph.*]

CHARLES LEVER.

What will be Lever's ultimate position in literature it is impossible to say—other times, other manners and tastes—but it ought to be higher than he holds at present. In spite of his unquestionably great popularity, he has not received all the homage he deserves—except for qualities which are not his best. People are ready enough to recognize in him a dashing novelist, a sprightly retailer of bivouac stories, and something of a wit, but they do not admit he has higher claims to immortality than a gift of fluency or an irresistibly dashing style. To simply take "Charles O'Malley," "Tom Burke," and "Harry Lorrequer," and to infer therefrom that he was wanting in solid merits is altogether unjust; Lever must be completely envisaged to be properly described. The novels referred to are the incident novels, the episodical stories, to which he devoted little thought, but allowed his pen to wander about at will; and their inordinate length and surprising situations being explained by the fact that they were first published serially, at so much per installment, and with the consequent necessity of keeping the reader up to the abnormal level of anxiety and interest in the fate of the characters, and in some of his works, perhaps in all, there is a diffusement and a fatal facility of prose, but the shrewd observation of men, keen insight into character, imperturbable good humor, skill in seizing on the whimsical in an individual, allied with an

INIMITABLE LIVELINESS AND BUSTLE,

and a resistless power of interesting the reader in his personages, will ensure an intellectual as well as a schoolboyish popularity for his best novels. As a matter of fact, it is his least artistic and most loosely constructed works which are chiefly read, while "Davenport Dunn," "Arthur O'Leary," "The Fortunes of Glencore," "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke," and others, are more neglected than they should be. For the mere superficial reader, for railway reading, and for spasmodic recreation, "Charles O'Malley" and kindred books are just the thing. "The Knight of Gwynn," "Luttrell of Arran," "The O'Donoghue," and "Jack Hinton," are not quite so easily appreciated. With all its faults, however, "Charles O'Malley" is good enough to make many a novelist content to be judged by its merits. For where, outside Dickens, it may be asked with truth, can be found such an array of characters so often remembered—if ever forgotten—as immortal Mickey Free, Major Monsoon, Major O'Shaughnessy, Dr. Quill, Frank Webber, Sparks, Baby Blake, and Hammersley? They may be sketchy in some cases, and unattractive from some points of view, but what characters in any novel remain with one so persistently after our first acquaintance with them? If the crowd of creations which live in the reader's memory are not an indication of genius in the writer from whose brain they sprung, it is difficult to find a better test of power. And in reference to "Charles O'Malley" again, which is by no means Lever's best or second best work, we must travel far to meet with such wonderful descriptions of conflicts—comic or heroic—as there abound. The battle scenes in this novel and in "Tom Burke," in which his heroes take part, and which generally have for central figures

NAPOLEON AND WELLINGTON,

are splendidly inspiring, and prove beyond cavil that Lever was a really great writer at his best. If his heroes are rather too successful, too brave, too self sacrificing, and too honorable, and nobly grapple with more frightful obstacles than the idol of any transpontine theatre, overcoming them all with comparative ease, that is a mere detail. It is not essential that every novel should be strictly historical; and few heroes can be possible or probable. Persons who really existed and did strange and daring deeds have no business at all in a novel, perhaps, as their lives should be told soberly and without any admixture of fiction, such as must occur in a novel. All that can be reasonably demanded of a writer of fiction are well drawn characters, a good style, a sustained and genuine plot, and uniformity of treatment. Except that Lever's plots—in his more exciting works—are somewhat indefinite, resembling rather a string of adventures than a continuous and consistent story, he more than comes up to the highest expectations. To keep us in sympathy with his leading characters, to make us feel a sort of blood relationship with them, is a sign of conspicuous gifts, and Lever has these signs to a remarkable degree. If his characters are true to life, he deserves credit for deep study of human nature—if purely imaginary and unlikely, all the more reason for praising him—invention not being inferior to imitation.

He was born in the North Strand, Dublin, on August 31, 1806. His father was an Englishman, and a builder by trade, who obtained goverament work and prospered thereon. Like Lover and other Irish writers of note, the youthful Charles took a great interest in amateur theatricals, but, unlike the author of "Handy Andy," never wrote for the stage. He was sent to several schools for the rudiments of learning, and then to an academy presided over by a strict disciplinarian named the Rev. G. N. Wright, an author of various books. It is interesting to learn that Lever was very fat in his early youth, for he was not at all spare in his latest years. The proverb says "laugh and grow fat," and not "fatter." On October 14, 1823, he entered Trinity College, and there passed through similar scenes to those chronicled in his novels. It is, however, vouched for that Lever was only full of animal spirits, and was singularly abstemious and correct in every way—always excepting his love of mischief. He took his B. A. degree in 1827, and a medical degree later on. In 1829 he obtained charge of an emigration ship as a medical student, and voyaged to Canada, the incidents of which trip he utilized in "Con Cregan" a long while after. He also visited the United States, but was not particularly struck with the Americans. He went to Gottingen and other places in Germany, and wrote some articles about the country which appeared in the *Dublin Literary Gazette* for 1830, with the title of

"LOG BOOK OF A RAMBLER."

These were practically his first appearances in print, although he is said to have written something to *Bolter's Cork Quarterly* a year or two before the *Dublin Literary Gazette* was apparently edited by Lever—not by Lover, as I mistakenly conjectured in the article on that writer—and he wrote a fairly large amount of matter for it. When it changed its name to the *National Magazine*, Philip Dixon Hardy managed it. It is a very interesting journal, and had among its poetry excellent pieces by Aubrey de Vere, his son Aubrey and his daughter Mary, William Carleton, Joseph Snow, Rev. William Archer Butler, William Rowan Hamilton, Sir James Prior, and others of almost equal note. Carleton and Lover (the latter over the sign of three asterisks, which A. G. Geoghegan afterwards made famous) contributed some characteristic stories to its pages. I should not be surprised to find that Lever wrote verse for this periodical also, and he may very likely have been "Rosina Roomfill" and "Gottfield Rosenkrantz," names which are attached to several poems and articles. He was certainly "Hazeldown Pepperpot" of the magazine. In 1833 he was married to Miss Kate Baker, an early love of his, but whether before or after his father's death, which occurred in March of that year, is not yet discovered. While flitting from north to south and back again, Lever met with many wits, many originals, and many convivial souls, and picked up an immense collection of stories which, stored in his retentive memory, were carefully preserved in his writings. A great many of his acquaintances were constantly recognizing anecdotes in his novels which they had heard at the same time as himself. When the *National Magazine* died, our author had no receptacle for his wares for a time, until the *Dublin University Magazine* was begun in January 1833. Before dealing with this magazine, however, I should like to mention a very interesting matter in reference to the former one—W. J. Fitzpatrick, the excellent biographer of Lever, says he wrote the famous verse in "Bryan O'Lynn," running:

Bryan O'Lynn had no watch to put on,
So he scooped out a turnip to make him a one,
He put a live cricket right under the skin—
"They'll think it is ticking," says Bryan O'Lynn.

But as this verse is given *for the first time* in the article on "Ballads and Ballad Singers," which was written by Samuel Lover for the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, it is pretty clear this is a mistake, and that Lover wrote it. Previous to leaving this magazine I may say that in its later stages there are a few things which Lever may well have written, such as "Laying a Ghost," "Stories of a Surgeon," and so on, which appeared when Hardy had charge of the venture.

The *Dublin University Magazine* was edited for the first eighteen months by the Rev. C. S. Stanford (father of the present distinguished musician of that name), who wrote under the name of "Anthony Poplar." Its first contributors were, besides its editor, Wm. Carleton, Sir S. Ferguson, Dr. Longfield, Dr. Anster, Revs. Mortimer and Samuel O'Sullivan, Rev. W. A. Butler, Rev. C. R. Maturin, D. P. Starkey ("Advena"), Rev. Caesar Otway, Rev. Samuel Hayman, and others. Isaac Butt, Samuel Lover, Dr. Robert Gordon ("Coul Goppagh"), etc., joined later on. Lever soon commenced to write for it, and hit off many capital sketches in its pages. He also sent a contribution to *Colburn's Magazine* about this time. In February, 1837, the first installment of his renowned "Confessions of Harry Lorrequer" appeared in "Dea," as the University periodical was called, in contradistinction to "Regina" and "Maga"—nicknames for *Fraser's* and *Blackwood's* magazines respectively. While Lorrequer was careering through the pages of "Dea,"

LEVER REMOVED TO BRUSSELS,

where he did not succeed to the extent he had expected. It has been found that he was never physician to the British embassy there, and never held any official position in it, as so many accounts of his life declare. His novel achieved a signal triumph, and offers were made to him from various quarters for literary work. He lived extravagantly in Brussels, and gave grand receptions at his house there—one of his most constant guests being the papal nuncio, Monsignor Pecci, now no less a person than the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII. Lever's practice rapidly increased, and though it may not have come up to his fullest ideas, it brought him in a large income. Besides furnishing regular portions of "Harry Lorrequer," he wrote other matter, like "Continental Gossipings," and also various songs, including that well known effusion, "The Pope he leads a happy life," which he introduced into "Harry Lorrequer," and which I cannot resist quoting here:

The Pope he leads a happy life,
He fears not married care nor strife;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But then all happy 'n not his life—
He has not maid nor blooming wife;
Nor child has he to raise his hope—
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
His is a life of jollity;
His wives are many as he will—
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But even he's a wretched man,
He must obey his Alcoran;
And dares not drink one drop of wine—
I would not change his lot for mine.

So then I'll hold my lowly stand,
And live in German Vaterland;
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

Whene'er my maiden kisses me
I'll think that I the Sultan be;
And when my sherry glass I tope
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

The hearty welcome accorded to this first novel of his, published in book form in 1839, encouraged Lever, and he immediately commenced "Charles O'Malley," which, after running its allotted length in monthly parts, was published in 1841. It must not be forgotten that Lever wrote "Harry Lorrequer" as a farce, and did not pretend it was comedy, and thus the wind is taken out of the sails of those who infer that its author mistook screaming farce for true humor. His second attempt was even more warmly received than his first, and his name was now almost a household word in the three kingdoms. "Jack Hinton" was published as Vol. I. of "Our Mess" in 1843, being followed in 1844 by two more volumes containing "Tom Burke of Ours." It will be observed that all these early works are military novels, of which Lever was hardly the founder, for his friend, the Rev. W. H. Maxwell, who knew nothing of the army, or, at any rate, was never a soldier, as some supposed, had brought out several admirable novels of a similar martial character. "Arthur O'Leary," one of Lever's pleasantest and most satisfying works, came out in 1844 and was succeeded in 1845 by "The O'Donoghue," the first of his series of tales of decayed families, and by "St. Patrick's Eve," a most creditable incursion into true rural Irish life—as Lever understood it. A novel by him entitled "Horace Templeton," an autobiography had been published in Philadelphia a year or two previous, but it is of little importance in the list of his works. The other novels of this time, in their natural order, were "The Knight of Gwynne" (1847), "Roland Cashel" (1849), "The Confessions of Con Cregan" (1849), "The Daltons," and "Maurice Tierney" (1852). These works earned for him a reputation

SECOND ONLY TO DICKENS,

and they were not merely read as they came out, but devoured. "The Dodd Family Abroad," perhaps the most uniformly amusing book he ever penned, followed in 1854, and then "Sir Jasper Carew," and "Tales of the Trains, by Tilbury Tramp" (a production attributed to him), "The Martins of Cro Martin," "Davenport Dunn," and "The Fortunes of Glencore," came in rapid file, the two last being in his best and brightest vein of humor. The last named work appeared in 1857, and the year after he was appointed consul at Spezzia. He had been settled in Italy for some short time before that date, subsequent to an extended residence in Dublin, where he lived a very extravagant and somewhat reckless life, and edited the *Dublin University Magazine* for a few years. His income, from his practice and his literary performance, could not have been less than £3,000 at that period.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NASHVILLE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The unanimous zeal displayed by members to accomplish that which would best aid the general cause of Ireland, was notably present in the meeting held last Sunday afternoon by the Nashville Parnell Branch of the Irish National League of America.

Addresses were made by several members, all of whom were moderate in their expressions, and tempered their remarks so that preference for a leader was rather a private desire, and accompaniments of the great anxiety for such policy and action as would relieve Ireland from the unfortunate and painful position which now imperils her people and her standing among the nations.

The sentiment of the meeting was expressed by President James Killelea in saying: "We have individual preferences as to a leader, but we realize that the claims of any leader must be sacrificed when the success of the Irish cause makes a demand, and supports the demand by an assurance that unity and harmony will be the result.

"Irish-Americans make no unwarrantable demand when they call upon Ireland to reconcile her differences at home, and present a united National party which will invite the support of American citizens, who still hold dear to their heart the land of their birth.

"So vast is the amount of financial aid freely bestowed by Irish Americans, that we have a right to expect that it shall be used by a united party in Ireland and not lose its effect because of the fierce conflicts between rival factions."

As delegates to the convention which is called by President Fitzgerald, of the National League, to meet in Chicago Oct. 1 and 2, the following were elected: Messrs. James Killelea, Philip Olwill, M. J. Martin, Garrett Stritch, T. J. Tynes, B. McCabe.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

Impressive Ceremonial at the Pauline Chapel, in Which the Pope Officiates.

The Great Pilgrimage of French Workingmen to the Holy See—Other Intelligence.

VATICAN NEWS.

On the feast of Portiuncula, the Holy Father, as it is customary for him to do every year, descended to the Pauline chapel attended by the members of his court. In the presence of nearly 300 persons his Holiness celebrated the holy sacrifice of the mass. During the celebration the choir or the Sixtine chapel sang in their usual magnificent manner the "Misericors et miseratus Dominus" and the "O Sacrum Convivium." During the mass of thanksgiving, afterwards said by one of the Pope's private chaplains, the "Ave Maria" of Capocci was beautifully rendered. In the afternoon, the Holy Father again went down to the Pauline chapel to gain the great indulgence of Portiuncula. On the same day a great feast was celebrated in the church of San Pietro, in Vincola, where one of the chains of St. Peter is kept. This is exposed during the following eight days for veneration. The other chain is kept at Constantinople. Both chains were given to the Empress Eudoxia when visiting the Holy Land, and she sent one to Constantinople and the other she gave to her son in Rome, who built the present church in which it is preserved. His Holiness has nominated his Eminence Cardinal Danajewski protector of the sisters of San Felice of Cantalice of Cracow. The Holy Father has also nominated Monsignor Celli auditor of the Apostolic Nunciature of Brussels.

THE FRENCH WORKMEN'S PILGRIMAGE.

This pilgrimage, which is being organized by Monsieur Harmel, will be a great event for Rome and France. The first two groups of pilgrims will leave Paris on the 14th and 16th of September, and will be accompanied by Mgr. Vallin; the third, which will start from Marseilles on the 16th, will be accompanied by Monsieur Tournamille; the fourth, from Lyons, will leave on the 21st, and will be guided by Monsieur Magneval; the fifth, from Marseilles, leaving on the 25th, will be in charge of the Count de Villeshaise; the sixth, from Paris, leaving on the 23d, will have at its head Monsieur de Lamachette; the seventh, from Marseilles, leaving on the 27th, will be under the guidance of Canon Ardant; the eighth, from Lyons, leaving on the 29th, will be led by Monsieur Servois; the ninth, from Paris, leaving on the 30th, will be accompanied by the Rev. Mgr. Contin and by Monsieur Morlet; the tenth, from Marseilles, leaving on the 2d of October, will be guided by Monsieur de Pelerin; and the eleventh, from Isaur-Ville, leaving on the 5th, by Monsieur Noel Le Mire. Other groups will afterwards follow from Lyons, Paris and Marseilles, under the direction of Mgr. Jeanain, Mgr. Boullet, Mgr. Lobau, and Mgr. Saluet. Everything with regard to the pilgrimage has been arranged most minutely, and with perfect order. The diocese of Nimes is preparing a magnificent album, bound in gold, which is to be presented to the Holy Father, and which will contain the names of all the pilgrims. Monsieur Harmel, the head director of the whole pilgrimage, has come to an understanding with the Cab Society of Rome (of which, by the bye, he was nominated honorary member at the time of the French workmen's pilgrimage which came to Rome in the year 1889) for a service of carriages at a reduced rate. This pilgrimage of September will probably be the largest that has yet come to Rome. The pilgrims will assist at the Pope's mass, which his Holiness will celebrate in St. Peter's.

THE MADONNA DELLA NEVE.

A large concourse of people assisted on Wednesday, August 5, at the celebration the Basilica of Santa Maria, Maggiore, of the feast of the Madonna della Neve. The legends of the church relate that on the night of August 4, in the year 352, the Virgin miraculously appeared in a dream, simultaneously to a certain Johannes Patti, a Roman patrician of great wealth (but who, being childless, was desirous of employing his money in good works), and to Pope Liberius, commanding them to found a church in her honor, at the highest point of the Esquiline hill, found the next morning covered with snow. Immediately Joan Patti arose, went to the Pope, and while he was communicating to him the dream, corresponding exactly to his own, word was brought that part of the Esquiline was thickly covered with snow. On this, Liberius, attended by his court, and accompanied by John, repaired to the spot, and drawing the plan of the basilica on the snow, the building was immediately commenced. This event is represented on a bronze bas relief above the altar in the Borghese chapel, where it is commemorated each year on August 5 by a solemn mass, during which a quantity of the leaves of a delicate white flower are scattered from the dome. Floating gently downwards they have all the appearance of snow flakes falling lightly on the vestments of the clergy, and at the conclusion of the service completely covering the floor of the chapel.

A STUDENT DROWNED.

Henry Duesing, a student of the North American college, the other day went to bathe at Porto Danzio, a sea place not far from Rome. The sea was a little rough. The poor fellow got out of his depth and, as there was not sufficient help at hand, he was drowned. The body was recovered three days afterwards.

THE SWISS GUARDS.

The corps of the Swiss guards of the Vatican celebrated with due solemnity, recently, the sixth century of the Swiss confederation. In the morning all the members of the guard, with their commander, Count de Courten, were present at a mass celebrated, in the absence of Mgr. Marty, their chaplain, who is on his holidays, by the secretary to the general of the Capuchins. The celebrant delivered a discourse appropriate to the occasion, recalling the Catholic traditions of Switzerland. In the evening the guard were entertained at a banquet by Count de Courten, and toasts to the health of the Pope and the prosperity of Switzerland were enthusiastically drunk.

CONTINENTAL NEWS.

A FETE AT ROC-AMADOUR.

A fete took place at Roc Amadour a few days since, which in originality and interest was on a par with the memorable one that took place on the same spot a few years ago, when the immense cross that had been carried through the streets of Jerusalem was raised upon the summit of the highest rock and on the brink of the precipice. The occasion of the recent festival was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the "noces d'or de pretre"—of the ordination of Mgr. Grimardias, bishop of Cahors, who has always held Roc Amadour in great favor, and who has been mainly instrumental in the revival of the ancient pilgrimage. Every town in this very Catholic diocese would have drawn upon its resources to the utmost to have feted the bishop's "noces d'or" in a worthy manner, but he choose the poor village of Roc Amadour for the celebration of the anniversary. In days previously the villagers worked with extraordinary zeal at the decorations. All the donkeys and mules were requisitioned to bring in juniper bushes from the barren hills, and these were planted on each side of the single street. Chains of moss with devices were suspended from window to window, and the old ruinous gateways and towers that defended the burg in the time of the Plantagenet kings, the remnants of whose castle still exist, were turned into triumphal arches. Mgr. Grimardias entered the village on the eve of his fete, escorted by about a hundred villagers armed with guns. All who had guns, poachers not excepted, brought them out on this occasion—and strange old pieces some of them were, with flint locks and barrels as long as broomsticks. This procession of armed men, with ribbons in their hats, and a commemorative medal upon their coats, certainly added to the picturesqueness of the scene. Then there were several old soldiers who went through the campaign of 1870, and who now put on their faded uniforms and mounted such steeds as the place and district could afford. Not one in six had a saddle, but a piece of carpet or a folded curtain served as well. Mgr. Grimardias, notwithstanding his advanced age, walked with a firm and sure step, and the alertness with which he turned to the right and the left to bless the children that were held to him, was really astonishing. He is a spare man, with delicate, finely cut features, and his look and bearing are so ecclesiastical that one feels that one has seen him elsewhere—in some famous religious picture, by an old painter. At the ceremony which took place the next day in the church of St. Sauveur, upon the rock, ten other bishops and about 400 priests were present. The procession started from the castle, which crowns the bare escarpments of the gorge, and which, since its restoration, has served as the residence of the clergy attached to the sanctuary of Roc-Amadour, as it passed down the rocks by the seemingly interminable zig zag—the *via crucis*, by which the pilgrims reach the holy sepulchre, at the back of a vast cavern, and the calvary just above it—the scene was one not to be forgotten. After the flaming purple of the prelates came the long double line of white surplices, and at a certain moment the procession appeared to stretch from the summit of the gorge to the pile of ecclesiastical buildings upon the ledge of rock below. The chanting of so many voices was carried far down the valley and over the stony wastes above. Add to the picturesque the splendid southern sky, the luxuriance of the vegetation fostered with infinite pains upon the slopes and terraces of the descent, the immense crowd of peasants from the little towns and villages of the Quercy, all in their best clothes, many of them with rosaries in their hands and with minds evidently swaying between the most pious intentions and the interest of the spectacle. When night came there were illuminations such as are not to be seen, perhaps, in any other place. Wires were stretched across the gorge at a height of more than 500 feet above the narrow valley, and to these were suspended Chinese lanterns, which were drawn across by a pulley. The effect was marvelous. The castle was also illuminated, the lines of the great cross were marked out with fire, and the sepulchre was one large blaze of tapers. Roc Amadour will be again *en fete* during the September retreat.

THE HEALTH OF FRENCH BISHOPS.

Cardinal Mermillod is not the only prelate who has lately gained an increase of health by bracing air and medical treatment. He writes to a friend that the air of Savoy, coupled with a period of rest, has caused him to feel twenty years younger than he did a short time ago, and that he is about to resume his important work in Rome. The archbishop of Bourges, after a season at Contrexeville, has returned to his episcopal city with renewed life and strength. Lastly, the archbishop of Cambrai, whose life was but recently despaired of, is so far on the road to recovery that he is able to sit up daily and to take regular food. The diocese of Cambrai has besieged heaven with prayers for its venerable archbishop's restoration to health.

A "DIAMOND WEDDING" IN RELIGION.

The Hotel Dieu of Abbeville has just celebrated the "diamond wedding" in religion of one of its nuns, Sister Saint-Pierre. The ceremony was honored by the presence of the bishop of Amiens. In presence of many clergy and in a church full of people, this religious of eighty five, read in a clear, firm voice, the formulary of her religious vows. Sixty five years of her life had been spent in tending the sick.

A GIFT TO THE DIOCESE OF PAMIERS.

Mgr. Rougerie, bishop of Pamiers, in a letter to his clergy, informs them that the cathedral chapter of Valencia, in Spain, has bestowed upon the diocese of Pamiers a portion of the relics of St. Antonio. The bishop invited priests and people to accompany him on his journey to Spain, whether he went on September 2, in order to bring back the relics. St. Antonio is patron of the diocese of Pamiers.

SAVED AS BY A MIRACLE.

Some Christian Brothers of Port Said consider that they have been saved from death by a miracle. A school house recently built by them, owing to some fault in the construction, suddenly gave way, and they would inevitably have been crushed beneath the ruins had not the brother escristan, through mistaking the time, summoned them to benediction in the church half an hour earlier than usual. For them the good brother's mistake was a merciful intervention of providence.

THE P. W. NALLY TESTIMONIAL.

[*To the Editor.*]

BALLINA, Aug. 18, 1891.—*Dear Sir:* We beg to bring under your notice the appeal in aid of the P. W. Nally Testimonial. We shall be thankful for your co-operation in rendering the movement a success, and shall gratefully acknowledge any subscriptions you may be kind enough to send towards that end to any member of the committee, or to yours very truly,

T. B. KELLY.

FELLOW NATIONALISTS—We are called upon to welcome back to liberty one of Ireland's best and bravest sons. Within a few short months the iron clad doors of a British dungeon will be thrown open, and from within its dismal and cheerless cell that tried and fearless patriot, P. W. Nally, will walk forth a free man. For nearly ten years he has been suffering within the prison pens of England, during which time, as the Forgeries Commission has well proved, his pure souled patriotism trampled on England's gold and England's terrors.

His thousands of comrades and friends of the Old Guard look forward with feelings of deep interest to his release as an event that invites them to sink their present political differences, and receive honest and fearless Nally on his return to freedom with a unanimous and hearty *cead mile failthe*.

To celebrate it in a practical way has been the earnest wish of his many friends, and with this object in view a meeting was held and the undersigned appointed as a committee to carry out the work. It was unanimously agreed to present him with a testimonial as a small token of his countrymen's appreciation of his patriotism.

We confidently appeal to our fellow Nationalists to aid us in this work, and we earnestly hope that through their assistance and generosity our appeal will be responded to in a manner worthy of Mr. Nally and his countrymen.

JOHN FITZGIBBON, Castlerea,
JOHN MCELLIN, Balla,
Treasurers.

THOMAS B. KELLY, Ballina,
J. P. CAULFIELD, Ballybaun is,
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In pursuance of the foregoing appeal, a meeting of Mr. Nally's friends will be held in Cline's Hall, Huron and Wells streets, this city, at 2 o'clock sharp, tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon. A full attendance is requested. Mr. Nally is a brave and a true man—one of the men made of heroic stuff—and deserves all the recognition that his fellow countrymen everywhere are capable of giving him. Mr. A. G. Duggan is chairman, and Mr. J. M. McLaughlin treasurer of the committee which has the matter in charge.

TO AND FROM CHICAGO to Europe in seven days via the New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

THE "RACES" OF CASTLEBAR.

A crisis was fast approaching. Barrett looked around with some uneasiness, and scanned the bearing of the insurgents. He felt somewhat reassured when he noted the set faces of his own corps, which told him they would not flinch.

Two young officers who rode beside him laughed as they saw the glance and interpreted it. Both were Irishmen who had come over with Humbert; one named Sullivan was nephew of Madgett, a man of much influence in Franco Irish politics; the other, Roche, etat major to Humbert, had taken the United Irish oath at Paris, two years previously, from the unfortunate Father Quigley, who was hanged in in England.

"You do not think they'll funk, Colonel Barrett?" inquired the latter.

"Not a bit of it, Roche!" was the reply; "I am convinced from their mien that the Irish Legion will not disgrace us."

"Critical thing, though, for raw troops, their baptism of fire," remarked Sullivan.

"But you will remember that in this case there is a deal of rawness on both sides," observed the Baron O'Dowda, who overheard the remark; "the yeos are, at least, as likely to run as our poor fellows, and," he added shrewdly, "very much depends upon which side takes the first start."

Some trumpet calls in the distance, and a beating of drums announced the alarm of the enemy, and soon afterwards a glimpse was caught of the British force drawn up in formidable battle array. The advancing army had reached an eminence about a mile from the British position when Humbert rode forward to reconnoitre.

An imposing host was that which had poured into Castlebar during the past few days, cavalry and infantry, regulars and yeomen, mustered chiefly through the zeal of James Moore O'Connell, M.P., of Newport, captain of the Burrishoole yeomen, who had sent messengers far and wide on learning of the French landing; and it now formed a huge, scarlet, steel tipped wall, stretching between the French and Castlebar, across an eminence about half a mile northwest of the town. Through this eminence, known as Sion Hill, the road ran by which the French were advancing; on its northern brow, so as to sweep the road, were planted four guns under Capt. Shortall. To the left of the guns—looking from the French position—were drawn up the Kilkenny militia, and the frame or "skeleton" of the Sixth regiment; right of them, with each flank resting on a small lake, a subaltern's detachment of the Leicestershire Fencibles; near at hand, in a very strong position among some rugged heights known as the rocks of Rabane, were the Frazier Highlanders and Galway Yeomen; behind which, in a valley, were posted the Longford militia. In rear of the first line, ready as sleuth hounds to dash off on the track of the French and insurgents, should these be repulsed and routed, were the scarlet squadrons of the redoubtable Orange cavalry, the First Fencibles, or "Foxhunters," under the command of Lord Roden, the Twenty third Light Dragoons, the Roxburgh cavalry, and also some troops of carbineers, while detachments of yeomanry cavalry appeared in various directions. On a high hill north of the town were two cannon, and on another parallel to it, known as Tilbury Fort, were two more, prepared to belch destruction on the advancing host.

The array would have been even stronger but that the Knight of Kerry, with his militia regiment and two curricle guns, had been despatched to Foxford some hours previously on a fool's errand—to help Gen. Taylor to oppose an imaginary enemy in that quarter.

As it was, the military display seemed in all conscience ample enough for the occasion. Portly generals, surrounded by their staffs, consulted their telescopes; plumed aides galloped to and fro; dark clad artillerymen blew their matches to a brighter glow, looking eagerly for the signal to fire—and this soon came.

"The legion will advance to the front," said Gen. Humbert, when he had concluded his reconnaissance.

"To the post of honor," said O'Dowda, and then laughed grimly, as he whispered to Barrett, "the life of a trained soldier was never so valuable as now, and well the General knows it. The veterans must be preserved as well as possible till they get within musket range; the blood of the raw recruits must flow."

The foremost French column having been covered front and flank with insurgents in uniform, the order was again given to advance, when, the leading files having gained the crest of the eminence in front of the English position, the loud boom of a cannon vibrated the air and a roundshot tore through the head of the column. A crash of broken muskets, a sharp chorus of agonized cries, the clatter of a gun dismounted from its carriage by the iron messenger, and the column fell back behind the hill, leaving the crest littered with dead and wounded.

"Clever artillery practice, that," coolly commented O'Dowda; "those fellows outside seem to have got the range admirably. Steady, boys! Quick—dress your ranks!"

Again the column advanced, and again, on its gaining the crest, a round shot crashed into it with deadly effect.

"There—I told you so," said the Baron to his fellow commandant of the Legion; but Barrett felt sick at heart as he saw the gory lane which was torn through the column, the crimson gouts of blood on the roadway, the fallen bodies of French and insurgents. A portion of the column, left of where the shot had entered, now rushed forward to the shelter of a house, into which the balls now came furiously crashing, with fatal result to some of the insurgents.

"This is madness," cried Barrett, as he rode among the alarmed crowd, the balls whistling around him. "Do not stay here—scatter yourselves over the field—do as the French are doing!"

"En avant en tirailleur!" rang a hoarse command at this juncture, and the French main body reappeared over the hill in open order, the files deploying from the centre in rapid soldierly style, and forming a wide fan which momentarily approached near and nearer the British line, the foremost skirmishers finding favorable shelter among the hedges and furze. There came a volley from the English line, a derisive cheer from the French; the militia had commenced firing at too great a distance. Presently there arose a crackling of musketry among the whitethorns and gorse, and white puffs of smoke rose up; the tirailleurs had opened fire. Men were seen falling thickly in the first British line, and the militia and fencibles who composed it speedily broke and fled. Sarazin, who commanded the French centre, ordered an onset, and to the roll of the *pas de charge* his grenadiers rushed forward across the ground where lay Major Alcock, of the Kilkenny, surrounded by dead and wounded men, and seized the guns which had lately wrought such havoc, their late commander, Shortall, narrowly escaping. The fire of the Highlanders now pattered out among the rocks of Rabane, but they were soon dislodged and routed by the French flank under Ardouin, chef de batallion.

And now towards the town there ensued a panic stricken flight, a hot and hard pursuit. The insurgents, lighter armed than their allies, were soon at the heels of the flying soldiery, now little better than a disorderly and demoralized mob, who cast away arms and ammunition, belts and pouches, as they ran, the better to expedite their flight; the cavalry in their cowardly haste trampling down many of the unfortunate infantry.

Among the foremost to respond to the sentiment of *sauve qui peut* were the noble Marquis of Ormond and his brother peer, Pakenham, Earl of Longford. The "butcher general" and Major-Gen. French were not lagging. As for Gen. Hutchinson, a man of gallant and chivalrous reputation, all his efforts were vain to rally the runaways. The Earl of Granard (George Forbes) and some other officers endeavored with a party of militia and Highlanders to cover the retreat, and halted on the north bridge of Castlebar, where a curricle gun was being worked by Corporal Gibson and some other men of the Royal Irish Artillery.

Here a short, final skirmish ensued. Fast following the report of the gun came the rattle of musketry from the houses adjoining the bridge, in which the foremost pursuers had taken cover. Bullets whistled, and men fell on both sides. At the Linen Hall, near the bridge, a Highlander exchanged shots with a Frenchman; the latter fell, and the Scot rushed forward to finish him with the bayonet, when the wily Gaul, who was but practicing a ruse, fired and killed his opponent. A Capt. Chambers, after shooting four or five of the attacking party, was bayonetted by a Frenchman. A French officer was wounded in the right arm, then in the breast, but continued to advance until bayonetted. At length, with a clatter of hoofs and flashing of falling sword blades, the French chasseurs swept across the bridge, sabering its surviving defenders, and the battle was at an end.

"Hold! there is no need of further bloodshed," shouted Barrett, with his sword striking aside the bayonet of one of the Legion, who was lunging at a British officer, one of the last to remain.

"Good heaven, Goodwin—you here!" he exclaimed, as he recognized his late would-be second in that singularly postponed "affair of honor."

"You have saved my life, Barrett!" said the Captain, who seemed quite exhausted, with a voice and grasp full of gratitude.

"Hurroo! Erin go-Bragh! The town's our own!"

With a triumphant chorus of shouts and cheers, and joyous waving of green flags, the insurgents trooped down Staball hill and surged into the main street, the surface of which was littered with discarded arms and accoutrements, with an occasional dead body in coat of red or blue.

Leaving Capt. Goodwin in company with some other captured British officers, Barrett rejoined O'Dowda at the head of the Legion. Some firing took place at the continuation of the main street, or the road leading to Westport. In an elevated position at the gateway of the county jail stood a Highland sentry, who remained firm to his post and repeatedly loaded and fired, bringing down five of the French ere they could reach him. Ere he could load the sixth time his brains were dashed out with clubbed muskets, after which his corpse was thrown down the steps, with the sentry box over it.*

The Mall of Castlebar, or open green space in front of the courthouse, was thronged with captured soldiers of the various British corps that had taken part in the engagement in charge of a small French guard. On one side, conspicuous in an improvised white uniform—their red coats turned inside out—stood a number of the Kilkenny and Longford militia, who took this method of showing that they had changed sides.

"Hallo, Teeling, whither away?" inquired Barrett, as the stat-major rode by accompanied by some chasseurs.

"To join the general; he is harrassing runaways, and I mean to be in at the death."

It was a perilous ride for the young Ulsterman. On the chief road by which the beaten army had fled he found the energetic Humbert, at the head of his little troop of cavalry, audaciously pursuing, making prisoners, and generally infusing terror into the flying enemy, whom he thought it sound strategem to "keep on the run." But the bold chasseurs were fatigued, and, in dearth of further pursuit, Humbert thought it would be well to cap the climax of intimidation by offering the fugitive general honorable terms on which he (Lake) might capitulate then and there as a means of avoiding further bloodshed.

Teeling smiled as he was instructed to bear this message to Gen. Lake. Taking with him half a dozen chasseurs, including a bugler, he prepared a white flag of truce and set out rapidly after the retreating troops. On reaching a height near the hamlet of Logafoil he saw before him the scarlet coats of Roden's Foxhunters, who were covering the retreat of Gen. Lake; he immediately displayed the white flag and ordered the bugler to sound a parley.

The Foxhunters started in dismay at the sound, and would have fled at a gallop, but turning they saw it was only seven Frenchmen who were coming down the hill, whereupon the valiant corps, disregarding the flag of truce, rode full tilt at this handful of men, cut down four of them †—two escaping—seized Teeling, tore his flag to pieces and burnt it.

The young captive demanded to see the English commander in chief, but this was repeatedly refused. At length he was confronted with the "butcher general," who surveyed him wrathfully as he delivered his message.

"You, sir, are an Irishman; I shall treat you as a rebel. Why have you been selected by Gen. Humbert on this occasion?"

Unappalled by the threat, Teeling quietly replied:

"To convey to you, sir, his proposal in a language which he presumes you understand. As to your menace, you cannot be ignorant that you have left us many British officers prisoners at Castlebar."

The "butcher general" sullenly withdrew, and possibly the envoy would soon have found himself in front of a platoon of Foxhunters, but for the arrival of a chasseur d'ordonnance with a letter from Gen. Sarazin, in which that officer threatened to shoot an English colonel who had been made prisoner if Teeling were not returned at once, or if the least injury were done him.

Gen. Hutchinson now apologized for the conduct of the Foxhunters in slaying Teeling's escort, attributing it to laxity of discipline in great and momentary excitement, and finally escorted the envoy in safety outside the British lines.

Enraged on hearing of the slaughter of the escort Humbert spoke of reprisals.

"*Ma foi!* those English savages know nothing of honorable warfare; I will teach them civilization!"

The stat major with difficulty pacified him, and even induced him to release some of the captive British officers—among the enlarged ones, at Col. Barrett's request, being Capt. Goodwin.

About 8:30 a.m., or an hour after the opening of the fray, the French drums announced its close.

Away on the roads leading southwards to Hollymount and Tuam the defeated troops were still keeping up the extraordinary and ludicrous rate of flight which caused the affair to be facetiously remembered as "the races of Castlebar." Wonderful was the speed attained. A large number of them reached the town of Tuam, thirty miles distant, the same evening, when, in haste for refreshments, they begin to plunder the houses. Struck with a happy thought an inhabitant rushed into the street and shouted that the French were coming, upon which the plunderers hastily decamped, striking out for Athlone. The latter place, seventy miles from the field of battle, was entered on the following day by a fugitive officer of Carbineers and sixty men, who had actually covered the distance in twenty seven hours.

In sunny nooks of the streets of Castlebar, in doorways and gateways, on the warm grass of the Mall, lay numbers of the victors sleeping off the fatigue of the recent march and conflict, combined in many cases with the effects of too potent refreshments.

The tricolor waved over the door of the French "quartier general," where already, that memorable morning of Monday, the 27th of August, 1798, couriers were mounting to convey the news of victory to Ballina and Killala.

Complete victory over the English troops—so ran the purport of an epistle from Gen. Sarazin to the commandant of Killala—eight hundred of them taken or slain, ten pieces of cannon captured. "Irish independence is established!"‡

*A slab, originally placed in the old church of Castlebar, but removed to the churchyard wall, bears the names of James Beaty, August Mc-Donald, George Munro, Donald Urquhart, Wm Ross, and Donald Cameron, Frazer Highlanders who fell at Castlebar. The slab was erected by the commander, Colonel Simon Frazer, of Lovat.

†A monument at Logafoil marks the grave of the four slain Frenchmen. It bears the inscription: "Erected by public subscription in grateful remembrance of the brave French soldiers who were killed here in 1798, fighting gloriously for Ireland's freedom. Erected in July, 1876." This memorial was provided through the efforts of the late Mr. Alfred O'Rea, editor of the *Connaught Telegram*.

‡Humbert claimed that the English had lost in the battle of Castlebar 600 killed or wounded, 1,200 prisoners, ten cannon, five stand of colors, 1,200 firelocks, and nearly all their baggage; while the English account stated their loss to be one sergeant and fifty-two rank and file killed; two lieutenants, three sergeants, and twenty-nine rank and file wounded; two majors, three captains, six lieutenants, three ensigns, two staff, ten sergeants, two drummers, and two hundred and fifty-one rank and file missing. The loss of the French and insurgents will never be known; probably it amounted to some hundreds.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Laoidh na Seaiga.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

No'n lá thainig Maghnus mór
Fear borb-glórach, is nár thim,
Is dóigh dá maireadh do Dhia
Go g-cuideobhadh le Fiannaibh Fhinn.

Ailleann mac an aon-fhir mhóir
Bé n-dóithidhe Teamhair na d-tréan,
Ní lamh air lamh do ghabh Dia
Dhol dá riar acht Fionn féin.

As iomdha cleas, guiomh, a's gleo
Mhaoidhthigh ré slógh Fiann Fáil,
Ní chualas go n-deanadh éacht
Righ na neull gur dhearg a lámh.

Padraic—Sguram d'iamarbháidh gach taoibh,
A sheanóir mhaoil tá gan chéill;
Tá Dia air neamh na naomh,
'S tá an Fhiann uile faoi phéin.

Oisin—A Phadruig, truagh már loc Dia
Locht na b-pian do chur air Fhionn,
Is Dia féin dá m-biadh anaire
Go d-troidfeadh an flaith dá chionn.

Ní minic d'fhuiang righ na bh-Fiann
Aon neach riamh anaire na 'nguais,
Gan duasi airgid no óir,
No a d-tús sloigh go m-beireadh buaidh.

A Phadruig dá m-béinns' gan chéill
Sgarfainn led' chléir a g-cinn,
Ní bheith bachall, leabhar báu,
Na clog na d-trath ann do chill.

Padraic—As binn liom bheith teacht air an bh-Féinn,
A mheic an tréain as áilne dealbh;
Nach cuimhin leat mar ghealluis dhúinn
Clonnas tionagnadh leo an t-sealg?

Oisin—A Phádraig, gidh ádhbhar caoi
Beith a'riomh a n-cuchta n-árd,
Aithreosad gé táim fa bhrón
Clonnas rinneadh leo an t-sealg.

Lá dá raibhe Fianna Fhinn
A n-Almhuin shíim na sleagh ngeur,
Ag imirt fithchioll 's ag ól,
Cliosdion cheoil 's ag bronnadh seud.

D'éirighe Fionn an flaith amach
Air an bh-faithche n-áluinn dír,
Chonnaire chuige annsa ród
Eilid óg air a léim láith

Ghoir chuige Sceolan 's Bran,
Do léig fead orra araon,
Ní raibh leis acht Mac an Luin,*
A dhá chon agus é féin.

*"Mac an Luin"—ainm chlordhimh Fhinn.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

When Silk Was Costly.

When silk was first worn in England two mantles on the shoulders of noble ladies belonging to Elizabeth's court attracted more attention than even the queen. The manufacture of goods from raw silk began in England in 1604, and was brought to perfection by the Huguenot refugees in 1688. Even at that time, however, silk was very costly, a pair of stockings costing in our money a little over $100, a cloak a little less than $1,000.

Among the 3,052 dresses left by Elizabeth at her death only twelve were of silk, and Leicester, more than his knighthood, prided himself on a pair of silk breeches which he had imported from Italy at an expense of over $500.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dogs Help Each Other to a Drink.

The fountain on the Clark street side of the county building was the scene of a very funny incident the other afternoon. Two dogs, water spaniels, were trotting north when they came to this place and stopped for a drink. They were both thirsty, but neither was tall enough to reach the trough, and they talked the matter over as dogs will, and wondered why they had not been treated with as much consideration as had the horses. Presently they solved the problem.

One of them ranged himself under the edge of the trough, and the other, resting his fore feet upon his companion's back, was able to reach into the pool and slake his thirst. When he had finished he hopped down, seemed to say the water was good, and then in turn ranged himself under the edge of the fountain and the other reached up for the drink he had earned. When he was satisfied they trotted away together, as well contented as any man could be who had met a problem and vanquished it.—Chicago Herald.

Warm weather often causes extreme tired feeling and debility, and in the condition of the system, diseases arising from impure blood are liable to appear. To gain strength, to vitalize, and enrich the blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Fans in Japan.

One of the necessities of life in Japan consists of the fan, of which there are two kinds—the folding and the non-folding fan. Paper enters largely into their composition. Bamboo forms a material very handy for the framework of the cheaper kinds. The paper is either decorated with paintings in all the different styles of Japanese art, or else brightly colored and sprinkled over with silver and gold leaves. These fans are manufactured of all possible qualities and prices, the richest and largest being used for ceremonial dances, where they form accessories of great importance.

The place most noted for its production in fans is Nagoya, and superior ones are made at Kiyoto, while the inferior descriptions come from Fushimi and Tokio. Several millions of fans are exported annually from Japan to America and Europe.—Paper Mill.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with wall executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawson, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKenzie and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many of whose victims to these rapacious savages have lost sight of their deeds of valor in our desire to reward the soldiers of the late civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

PRICE: Full Cloth, $2.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 269 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

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THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The stock of F. S. Weidenborner, dealer in carpets at St. Paul, was damaged by fire to the extent of $35,000; insured.

Russia will shortly issue a prohibition of the exportation of Russian horses to Germany, Austria, Italy and Turkey.

The Prussian government has ordered that Royal forest timber be sold cheap to the poor for fuel.

The Egyptian cotton crop amounts to 3,700,000 hundred weights, the largest crop on record; the coming season promises an equally large yield.

Mrs. Mary Ryan and her 7-year-old daughter of Oklahoma were attacked by a negress, Mary Hewitt, with a hatchet. Mrs. Ryan had both arms broken and was dangerously cut in the back, and the child was also badly cut. Both are likely to die.

Professor Thomas F. Hunt of the state college of Pennsylvania has been elected professor of agriculture at the Ohio state university.

Moses Guyette, landlord of the Guyette House, Sheboygan Falls, Wis., was killed by a fall from his bus. He was one of the pioneers of the county, having arrived in 1848.

A rate of one fare the round trip from points within 300 miles of Chicago will be sold Oct. 6 and 7 on account of the unveiling of the Grant monument.

Secretary Hester of the New Orleans Cotton exchange reports the total crop for 1891 as 8,652,597 bales, against 7,311,422 bales last year.

Fred Linke's team ran away near Vandalia, Ills. There were seven persons in the wagon; four were seriously and three were fatally hurt.

The emperor of Japan has decreed that every man who provokes a duel or accepts a challenge shall pay a heavy fine and serve from six months to two years in the galleys.

A large and hungry bear walked into the orchard of McDooley of Castle Hill, Me., killed a calf and carried it into the woods. Friday it attempted to kill another calf, but was driven away.

The Russian language is to be taught in the Japanese schools.

It is asserted that there is no foundation for the published story that the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad is to build 500 miles of road to the far northwest, going to Helena and Butte city

Miss Knaggs, an Ohio girl, is college educated and successfully cultivates a 200-acre farm.

Fire in the business portion of Willows, Cal., did damage to the extent of $150,000; partly insured.

Sir Knight Speth, of South Bend, Ind., has been elected commander of the Indiana Maccabees.

J. A. Ross, who was short several hundred dollars in his accounts as township treasurer in Kingsbury county, S. D., has been placed in jail at Huron in default of $3,000 bail.

The well known Streele stables at Ayr, Scotland, have been destroyed by fire. Nine valuable race horses perished in the flames.

Peter Renfro, convicted of the murder of Officer Charles Dorris has been sentenced at Springfield, Mo., to be hanged Oct. 9.

An attempt was made to wreck a passenger train near Mount Pleasant, Mich. A pile of railroad ties was laid on the track at a high embankment, but the train was stopped before striking the obstruction.

Farmers of Grand Forks and adjoining counties in North Dakota have organized the Northwestern Farmers' Protective association for the purpose of handling their own wheat.

Mrs. Mackay has a string of flawless diamonds two yards long.

The recent storms which have swept over the British isles half ruined the crops throughout Scotland, and the harvest is at a complete standstill.

A Georgia court house was sold for $25 last week.

Notice has been given by the secretary of the treasury that the time within which the bonds of the 4½ per cent. loan will be received for continuance with interest at 2 per cent. per annum has been extended until further notice.

In Ripley, O., there is a sunflower in full bloom growing from a crevice at the top of a 40 foot maple tree.

Nine cradles have been presented to the Duchess of Fife.

Workmen digging a sewer in Denver have struck a bed of topaz.

The bank of East Grand Forks, N. D. has been reorganized as the First National bank, with a capital of $50,000.

Near Vandalia, Ills., the body of an infant was found in the back yard of Isaac Harris, a farmer.

A freight train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad ran into a hand car near Dumas, Mo., killing Henry Smith and a section man.

Sir Henry Wood, representing Great Britain, will travel to Chicago to survey the field with a view to his country's exhibit at the World's fair.

The will of Laura Mott, of South Hero, Vt., gives a property amounting to nearly $60,000 for the establishment of a home for destitute children under the name of the "Mott Home." The institution is to receive children under the age of 7, and educate them until they are 18 years of age.

Frosts Wednesday night killed corn and all other vegetation in some sections of Iowa, and did much damage in other sections of the state.

Jacob Klein, a wealthy farmer of Peoria, Ills., and his two horses were found dead in a ravine near the upper Peoria bridge. The horses had run away and dashed over the steep embankment, killing their driver and themselves.

Retrenchments in the working force of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railway have begun.

Iron ore has been discovered by Ashland people at Plummer, Wis., in the old Simpson mine. A vein about forty feet thick has been struck for the drill.

At Paxton, Ills., the postoffice was robbed. About $170 in money and $70 worth of stamps were secured.

Santiago, the capital of Chili, is a city of 200,000 inhabitants, with an elevation of 1,800 feet above sea level and a charming climate.

J. T. Kerr, of Bloomington, Ills., has sued the Chicago and Alton road for $20,000 for personal injuries received while employed by the company as a fireman.

In consequence of the wet weather the price of flour has risen 3 shillings a sack in London.

At Milwaukee [illegible]

wholesale dealers in hats and caps, made an assignment to Benjamin Markwell.

At Thann, in Upper Alsace, six heads of families have been served with notice requiring them to choose within the space of six weeks between naturalization as subjects of the German empire and exile.

An extensive match factory is being built at Tacoma, Wash., to compete with the Diamond Match factory on the Pacific coast, Australia, Central America and Hawaii.

The German government is secretly buying up immense quantities of corn in Hungary, Bulgaria, Roumania and Servia.

Charles Riedell was found dead in bed at St. Paul by a deputy sheriff who had gone in his house to serve a writ of ejectment. He had committed suicide by taking carbolic acid.

Fire started in the kitchen of J. W. McKnight, post trader at Fort Shaw, Mont., and communicated to the restaurant, warehouses, postoffice and store buildings, entailing a loss of $15,000.

George Bishop was run over and fatally injured by a Cairo Short Line train at Raleigh, Ills.

Ten volumes of Gladstone's speeches are in process of editing. They will be brought out separately.

C. H. Smith, who disappeared from Detroit a year ago and whose silence caused the ruin of his family and their business enterprises, has been found in Canada.

Incendiaries made an unsuccessful attempt to fire Stewart's grain elevator at Plano, Ills.

The American fat and live stock show will be held at Chicago in the Exposition building Nov. 11 and 21, inclusive. The aggregate premiums have been limited to $10,000.

The Indiana tax commissioners have fixed the valuation of the famous trotter, Axtell, at $15,000.

Abraham P. Elder and H. L. Barber of the Elder Publishing company of Chicago, have been arrested on charges of using the mail for fraudulent purposes and violating the alien contract law.

S. P. Stiker, a mechanical engineer of Buffalo, has, it is claimed, discovered a method of making ice with gas and returning the gas to the main unimpaired.

W. K. Ragburn, of Eldorado, Kan., has sued the Chicago and Alton for $10,000 damages for injuries sustained while traveling over that road.

A corporation to be known as the National Tube Works company has been formed at New York. It includes several large concerns and starts with a capital of $11,500,000.

John Gorman, one of the wealthiest citizens of Monee, Ills., was killed by the cars on the Illinois Central road. Mr. Gorman was 78 years old.

John Colman, superintendent of the Ruby mine near Forest City, Cal., was shot and killed by John St. Pierre, the night watchman. The cause of the deed is unknown.

John H. Durham, colored, of Kentucky, at present United States consul at San Domingo, has been appointed by the president minister resident and consul general to Hayti.

It is rumored that Secretary of War Proctor has sent President Harrison his resignation, to take effect Sept. 30, and that Stephen B Elkins is to succeed him.

A reward of $3,000 has been offered by the Southern Pacific in conjunction with Wells, Fargo & Co., for the arrest and conviction of the men who attempted to rob a train near Modesto, Cal.

At Pittsburg, H. V. Hatten, one of the firm doing business as the American Suit Club company, has with four agents of the company, been arrested charged with conducting a lottery.

During services at St. Vincent church, at Elkhart, Ind., a woman was attacked with an epileptic fit, and some miscreant, taking advantage of the excitement, broke into the sacristy and made off with over $60—the evening's collection.

A murderer in Mecklenburg ten minutes before his execution choked the clergyman, put on his long black coat, dashed out and mixed among the officials around the scaffold. He had almost reached the gate when he was caught.

The formation of an Irish club has been begun in London, the Irish population there, about 300,000, having no such place of rendezvous.

An explosion at the Huntington, Ind., lime kilns blew Jacob Bowvis' shin off and otherwise injured him. He will recover.

Patrick Nagle and Phineas Gammell were fatally injured near Providence by an explosion of naphtha. The liquid leaked from the tank into the river and was ignited by sparks.

The history of the world in Arabic is being written by Mahmoud Fehmy Pasha, a companion of Arabi in exile in Ceylon. He hopes to finish it this year. It will be in five large volumes.

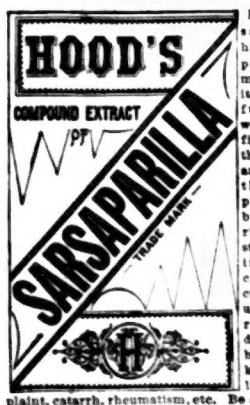
Sam Andrews and Clarence Houston, both young farmers, quarreled near Vandalia, Ills., when Andrews jerked out a pocketknife and cut Houston in the abdomen, inflicting a probably fatal wound.

The date of the unveiling of the Grady monument at Atlanta, has been changed and the exercises will take place Oct. 1.

Joseph C. Hill of Minnesota, has been appointed chief of the division of Indian affairs in the office of the secretary of the interior, vice N E. Carpenter, resigned.

Ex-Senator Tabor has sold the Poorman mine at Caribou, Colo., to Leonard Gow of Glasgow for $650,000.

George Ott, aged 22, fatally stabbed his brother John, aged 19, at their home in Allegheny, Pa.



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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Sweet Lavender."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"The Merchant."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Abraham Lincoln."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Alabama."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Joseph Haworth.

THE AUDITORIUM.
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street.—Salvini.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Donnelly & Girard.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Ole Olson."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"A Royal Pass."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—W. J. Fleming's "Custer."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halsted street near Madison.—"One of the Bravest."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"JAMES O'CONNOR," City.—Yes, the Chicago *Tribune* claims Gen. Grant as a Scotch covenanter by descent. Grant is unquestionably a Scotch name, and a Highland, which means Celtic, one at that. The General, in his frank and characteristic memoirs, calls himself simply an American, and, so far as we have read or remember, makes no allusion whatever to his Scotch progenitors. Grant is also a very common name in Ireland, and is not confined to any particular part of the island, although it chiefly prevails in Ulster.

"CELT," City—Mr. Parnell is in his 46th year, having been born in June, 1846.

"IRISH STUDENT," Detroit.—There is some obscurity about the national sentiments of Owen Roe O'Neill. As he was born and bred in Spain, it is probable that he was more of a Catholic than an Irishman. Bigotry, in those days, divided Ireland into hostile camps. Owen was a good General, and his victory of Benburb was a masterpiece, which gained him the title of "the Fabius of the West." His defense of Arras against the French, previous to his Irish campaign, was very brilliant and won him European fame. He was directly descended from the royal house of Tyrone. The loss of the Irish army at Benburb, fought June 16, new style, 1646, was seventy men killed and about 200 wounded. The loss of the Anglo-Scotch army, under Gen. Monroe, was 3,243 killed and wounded, and Lord Montgomery, twenty-one officers, and about 150 soldiers taken prisoners. The Scotch lost all their artillery, baggage and small arms; 1,500 draught horses and thirty-two stand of colors. With the exception of Hugh O'Neill's victory at the Yellow Ford, Aug. 22, new style, 1598, Benburb was the greatest modern victory gained by the Irish over their invaders.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

CELT VERSUS CELT.

The Chicago *Tribune*, in reply to an article in THE CITIZEN, furnishes what we accept as good proof that the father of the gallant revolutionary general, John Stark, of Bennington fame, was born in Scotland and not in Ireland, as has been asserted by the military historian, Col. James E. McGee; by the author of "Irish Celts," the editor of the *Irish World*, the editor of the Boston *Pilot*, and many others, who were, no doubt, led into the error by the fact that Gen. Stark was born at Londonderry, N. H., which was settled by the Ulster Irish, and that he commanded a regiment, mainly composed of Ulster Irish, at Bunker Hill and elsewhere. THE CITIZEN is always glad to be able to correct errors, even when their correction robs the Irish of some military glory, of which, however, they have enough and to spare, both in this country and in Europe. The fact that Gen. Stark was of Scotch ancestry by no means lessens our respect for that hero. He was worthy to be of the race of Paul Jones, who first saw the light in bonnie Scotland.

In another article, the *Tribune* takes up the cudgels against THE CITIZEN in behalf of what it calls the "Scotch Irish," i.e. the Ulster Irish, whose forefathers supplanted their own kindred, the ancient Irish Celts, because the latter would not abandon the Catholic faith to please Elizabeth, James I., Strafford, Cromwell or William. It is hard to say how many of the Ulster supplanters had English border blood in their veins, but we know that the northern Irish province is filled with people who bear the genuine Celtic names of McClure, McCaleb, McNeill, MacDonald, MacDill, abbrievated in this country to M'Dill or Medill; MacAuley, McCartney, McKillip, McIvor, McIntosh, McKee, McCracken, McLaughlin or McLachlin, abbreviated in this country to Lacklin or Laflin; McCormack or McCormick—a very ancient Irish name, erroneously claimed to be Scotch in America; MacBlain, McBlane or MacBlaine, the first mentioned form being the correct one, but usually abbreviated to Blaine in the United States; MacRicard, anglicized to Dickson, Dixon or Crickard "in our midst"; MacFadrig or McFetrick, commonly called Patison or Patterson in these parts; McAbee, corrupted from the good old Celtic form of McCabe; McAndrews, generally called Anderson; McAdow, or McAdoo, sometimes called Dowson or Dawson; McAbery, McAboy, plainly corrupted from McAvoy; McAdams, often called Adamson; McAffee, sometimes called Caffy or Coffy; McCleenan, McAleer, McAllese or McAllis, often called Allison or Allison; McAllister or MacAllester, often called Allester or Lester; McAllen, sometimes called Allenson; McAulisa, McArdle, often called Ardle; McAniff, McAnsh or McAnn, sometimes called Anson; McArthur, McAra, MacBean, McBurney, McBennett, MacBowles, McBeth, McBirney, McBarney, McBrine, McCanna, McCarr, McCarrell, the Irish form is O'Carroll; McCandlish, McCallam or McCullom, called in this country Cullom; McCall, McCulla, McCam, McCarson, MacCarson, called in America Carson, hence the celebrated "Kit" Carson; McCullock, McCulloch, McCarley, McCarey, McCardy, often called Hardy; McCarrick, McCarter, commonly called Carter; McCassey, Irish form O'Casey; McCaull, McCausland, McCavna, Irish form O'Kavanagh; McClaw, McClerney, McClogy, McClagen, McClanaghan, McClees, McClelland or McClellan, McClinton, generally called Clinton, as DeWitt Clinton; McClurly, McClurg, McLeod or McCloud; McColm, McClyman, often abbreviated to Lyman; McComb, McConnica, McCord, McConnor, Irish form O'Connor; McCorkell, McCorkel, McCouch, McCourt, McCourtney, McCrady, McCraney, McCrea, McCrubb (a la of a pig's foot, but not so translated in this country), McCuddy, McCutchen, McDade, McDaniel, McDermid, Irish form McDermott; McDavid, commonly Davidson; McElhiney, McEwen, McGannet, McGannon, McGavlick, McGaff, McGifford, McGlasson, often Glasson or Gleason; McCushin, sometimes Cushin or Cushing; McKissock, McLinden, McMaster, McMillen, McMurray, McMunn, generally Munn in America; McCoy, sometimes reduced to Coy in this vicinity; McNay, often called Nay in Uncle Sam's dominions; McChristian, here called Christian or Christianson; McOstrich—in Scotland they must have at one time grown very large sized fowl—McPaul, here called Paul or Paulson; McSteven, called in this republic Stevens; McShooler (son of a good walker), and often in America changed into Walker; McTaylor, nearly always called Taylor in America; McQuaker (son of the Quaker); McWallace, nearly always Wallace in this neighborhood; McVicar, McVoy, McWade, McWatters, generally called Waters; McDowd, Irish form O'Dowd; McDuffie, Irish form O'Duffy, and a thousand other names strikingly suggestive of the very close blood relationship existing between the Irish and the Scotch.

The difference between the Ulster Protestant Irish, and the Irish, both Protestant and Catholic, of the west of Ireland, is chiefly the result of climatic influences. Scotland is much colder than Ireland, and Ulster is the coldest of the four Irish provinces. Hence the average Ulsterman, unless he comes of the non-transplanted Gaelic stock of Ultonia, is, as a general rule, much shorter and leaner than his Connaught, Leinster or Munster brother. But the Ulster Irishman has his good qualities also. He is hardy, resolute and pushing, and wins by assurance quite as much as by brains. He is deficient in neither. He speaks with a Scotch accent, which hardly becomes him, and, after drinking the regulation number of "Presbyterian cocktails," warms up into a bona fide son of the old green sod. He fought gallantly for Ireland, in 1798, at Antrim and Ballinahinch, but the patriotic exertion was too much for him, and, ever since, he has reposed upon his rather stale laurels, leaving the rest of Ireland to fight the battle for existence against England without him. The Irish record of the Protestants of Ulster since the great rebellion has been disgraceful. The few men of their ilk who took the side of Ireland since '98, only served to make the general darkness more visible. Ulster, since the days of the Declaration of Dungannon, which asserted that only "the king, lords and commons of Ireland had power to make laws binding on this (Irish) kingdom," has sadly degenerated; but, because she gave birth to our McCrackens, Neilsons, Monroe and Mitchel, THE CITIZEN has still a lingering hope that she may return to the national fold.

The *Tribune* finds fault with THE CITIZEN for saying, in a former article, that, with the exception of Montgomery, Jackson, and a few other military heroes, the record of the alleged Scoth-Irish in this country has been either insignificant or traitorous, and instances the Hon. James G. Blaine, whom THE CITIZEN supported for the presidency, as one of the "Scotch-Irish" who is neither insignificant nor traitorous. THE CITIZEN was not previously aware that Mr. Blaine boasted the blood of Ulster. It is glad to know that the secretary of state carries the shamrock rampant, with the thistle couchant, on his crest. It would not, however, have supported Mr. Blaine simply because he was a Scotch-Irishman, or any other kind of an Irishman. It supported him from the purely American standpoint, and on broadly national grounds, because it believed him to be the ablest American statesman living, and in that belief, notwithstanding the nominal defeat caused by the mischievous garrulity of Burchard, the American people evidently shared.

THE COMING CONVENTION.

The signs of the times point to a great gathering of Irish Americans in this city on the occasion of the convention of the Irish National League, which will be held in Central Music Hall on Thursday and Friday, Oct. 1 and 2 next. Already assurances have reached Secretary Sutton, from nearly all parts of the United States, that there will be a large representation present, and that only the best men of the Irish civic and military organizations will be selected as delegates. In this city, the reorganization of the League is progressing rapidly, and already many delegates have been elected. One good indication of the success of the convention is that nearly all the cranks, East and West, appear to be arrayed against it. Thus, fair promise is given that they will remain at home, and not "vex the drowsy ear of night," or the more acute ear of day, with their maniacal howlings. Secretary Sutton states emphatically that the convention is not called in the interest of any "wing" or faction of the disunited Irish Parliamentary party, and, in point of fact, that the Irish-American people generally are sick of the whole parliamentary business.

IRISH MEETING CALLED.

CHICAGO, Sept. 11, 1891.—The various branches of the Irish National League of America in the State of Illinois are requested to send representatives to a meeting to be held in Court Room 207 County Court House, Clark and Washington streets, in Chicago, on Sunday, Sept. 13, at 3 o'clock p. m., to prepare for the coming National convention to be held in Central Music Hall, on Oct. 1 and 2.

DANIEL CORKERY,
State Delegate.

MINISTER EGAN AND THE "TURN SPITS."

The attention of THE CITIZEN has been called by several subscribers and correspondents to the villainous attacks recently made by some of his own countrymen, in this city and outside of it, on the character, standing and capacity of the Hon. Patrick Egan, United States minister to Chili. As all recent accounts from that country, telegraphed to the American papers, concur in declaring that Minister Egan did only his full duty during the very trying period of the recent Chilian civil war, the malignant attacks made upon him fall flat upon the American public, and have a tendency to produce intense disgust at the conduct of the slanderers in the minds of impartial men. Rank jealousy—jealousy deeply tinged also with malignant lunacy—is at the bottom of the diatribes launched against Mr. Egan. The American daily press has endeavored to be fair to him, to give him a hearing, but some of his own flesh and blood have cried out to crucify him before the American nation, without even the form of a trial. Where Mr. Egan has been attacked in the American press, the attacks have generally emanated from Irish writers, who cannot forgive him a prominence and success of which they ought to be proud. The men who might naturally be supposed to resent Mr. Egan's appointment, as a matter of not altogether just preference, have remained silent or have sustained him. Men who could never even hope to obtain such an important appointment, are eaten up with a mean envy, and would seek to trample their countryman in the mire, in order that their own paltry greed and ambition might be gratified.

It is a remarkable fact that Mr. Egan's chief opponents are the English minister in Chili, and the Irish malcontents in the United States, who are possessed of devils, filled with splenetic rage against all who happen to stand in their path to political office. It is disgraceful that even appointees of Mr. Harrison in this city have lent themselves to the persecution of Mr. Egan, and have made charges against him so libelous that the administration can hardly afford to overlook them. When men have the meanness to go into the details of a man's private business in order to score a political point, they are destitute of every sentiment of honor, and it is generally to be noticed that persons who descend so low are not themselves blessed with unassailable records. It is no wonder that contempt for the Irish character should be widespread in America when Irishmen themselves give color before wondering American eyes to the reality of Cromwell's grim aphorism: "Put an Irishman on a spit and you will find another to turn him." Thank God that only a small and base minority of our people can be so described at the present day! Cromwell's aphorism holds good in the case of Mr. Egan—"Give an Irishman an office, and every other Irishman, who wants his place, or its profits, is ready to roast him." This, again, applies only to a base minority. The majority of our people are above such meanness, but it is upon the assertions of the few, the noisy and the treacherous few, that the American people base their judgment.

Mr. Egan, in spite of the taunts of his enemies, has made an honorable record in Chili. It is not for pretended Irish patriots to sneer at his course while in Ireland. He did there a true man's duty in every sense of the word. The American people are not likely to think the less of him, because he was a grain dealer and a baker in Dublin. If his enemies could say of him that he was a swindler and a loafer, their attacks might have some effect. As a matter of fact, while treasurer of the Land League, he showed courage admirably tempered by sound discretion. A weaker man would have left the funds at the mercy of the British government. Mr. Egan transferred them to a place of safety, where they proved of subsequent benefit to the Irish cause. The howl raised about a certain hundred thousand dollars is all a pretence—a pretext for abuse of individuals obnoxious to the howlers. Nobody who has studied his career believes that Mr. Egan misappropriated a cent of any money intrusted to his guardianship. There often happens to be, in public movements, prudently conducted, a disposition of particular funds which it would not do to reveal to everybody. Americans never question the integrity of their party treasurers, whether Republican or Democratic, in the conduct of their campaigns. They are too big and too wise a people for that. A few of the Irish people, born in an atmosphere of inherited slavery, are filled with a mean suspicion of every man who has the mis fortune, because in most cases it is a misfortune, to handle public funds in any shape. Such men are the chief assailants of Mr. Egan, and, unhappily, some of them have been placed in public positions which give an air of respectability to accusations that, otherwise, would be most justly regarded as too insignificant for notice.

THE SCOTCHED IRISHRY.

The Chicago *Tribune* says that John C. Calhoun was not the father of secession, and that the honors of paternity belong properly to Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson, it is true, did not believe in centralizing too much power in the Federal government, but Calhoun, the Scotch Irishman, was the first man who put secession to a practical test, when he advocated nullification of Federal laws in South Carolina, and, in fact, the secession of that State from the Union. It is true, as the *Tribune* says, that another Scotch-Irishman, named Andrew Jackson, "squelched him." It is not on record that either Calhoun (Scotch for Callaghan) or Jackson (Scotch for MacShane) called himself a Scotch-Irishman. THE CITIZEN thinks that that strange animal was not discovered, or at least named, in the days referred to. Is there any record that Richard Montgomery called himself a Scotch Irishman? THE CITIZEN respectfully asks the *Tribune* to point out any passage in any Irish history, written from any standpoint, which mentions the Scotch-Irish as a separate race. Even Macaulay does not use the ridiculous term, in his History of England, which deals largely with Irish history also. The Volunteers of 1782, who won the independence of the Irish parliament, and who had their origin in Ulster, did not call themselves "Scotch Irish," but simply Irishmen. When Franklin appealed to the Irish nation on behalf of the American revolutionists, he did not use the senseless term, "Scotch-Irish." James Orr, cousin of William Orr, the patriot of Scotch ancestry, who was hanged for loving Ireland too well as early as 1797, evidently took no stock in the Scotch-Irish humbug, when, in his place of exile, after the rebellion, he wrote—

The savage loves his native shore,
Tho' rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
That isle which nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
As Shannon great or pastoral Bann?
And who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?

It is hardly likely that the Montgomerys and the Jacksons, and the Reids in America felt themselves less Irish, except in the American sense, than their cousins the Orrs, the McCrackens and the Monroes, who were "more Irish than the Irish" in the province of Ulster. It is greatly to the credit of the Irish of English and Welsh ancestry that they never, even when they are not nationalists, in the political sense, attempt to call themselves anything else than Irishmen. Thus, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, although born in London of an English mother, was always proud of calling himself an Irishman, and habitually wore a green neckerchief to display his sentiments. A few years before he was murdered for his patriotism by the English government, he was riding from the Curragh to Carton Castle, the seat of his brother the Duke of Leinster, when he was overtaken by a party of British officers, one of whom called out insolently, "Take off that green neckerchief." Lord Edward reined in his horse and drawing his sword, said quietly, "If any among you think you must have it, come forward and take it off!" The invitation, so cordially extended, was not accepted.

The father of Thomas Davis, the immortal Young Ireland patriot and poet, was a Welshman by birth. His son, although proud of his Cymric origin, was the most intense Irishman ever born on Irish soil. It was he who wrote—

The jealous English tyrant now
Has banned the Irish Green,
And forced us to conceal it,
Like a something foul and mean;
But yet, by heaven, he'll sooner raise
His victims from the dead
Than force our hearts to leave the Green
And cotton to the Red!

Edward Burke never slunk under the disguise of his Norman ancestry. Neither did Richard Brinsley Sheridan, because he also had Norman blood in his veins. Nor did Grattan, nor Flood, nor Hussey Burgh, nor Hely Hutchinson, nor John Philpot Curran, three-fourths of whose blood was non Celtic; nor Addis Emmet, nor Robert Emmet, nor Wolfe Tone, nor Napper Tandy, nor the Earl of Charlemont, nor any other of the great Irishmen, Saxon or Norman, of that illustrious era. Of all the Irish military heroes of England, the Duke of Wellington alone, although his people, on one side at least, had lived in Ireland since 1169—exactly 600 years before he was born—allowed it to be inferred that he preferred to be known as English. Yet, in his speech on Catholic Emancipation, which may be found in Hansard of 1828-9, he alluded with pride to his Irish birth and, what he seldom did for any element, highly praised the Irish Catholic soldiery that had fought under him in the Peninsula, and at Waterloo. "The laurels," said he, "with which the nation has been pleased to crown me were largely earned by the expenditure of Irish Catholic blood."

Sir DeLacy Evans, Lord Gough, and numerous other martial servants of the British Empire preferred the shamrock to the rose, as a badge of distinction. The present Lord Wolseley is also a strong Irishman, although necessarily what is called "a loyalist," and has said repeatedly, in the hearing of almost exclusively English audiences, that his countrymen (the Irish) are "the best soldiers in the world." The English don't like to have this said, but Lord Wolseley, all the same, never misses an opportunity of saying it, and he means it, too. Lord Dufferin is another distinguished servant of the Empire who is proud of his Irish birth and blood. It was his mother, the granddaughter of Brinsley Sheridan, who wrote the well known lines:

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm goin' to:
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair!

The timid Scotch Irish, who seem to exist only in America, and who are mortally afraid of being considered real Irish, chiefly from a childish idea that some ignorant, prejudiced, fashionable Anglo-American ass, or asses, might not invite them to dinner, or include them in the charmed circle of "sassiety," ought to reform themselves, cease to be mice and learn to be men. The Irish, whatever their faults, never committed the indecent, and inexcusable, crime of selling their king to his enemies for £200,000 pounds sterling—a groat apiece—as the Lowland Scotch army of Gen. Leven sold King Charles I. to the Puritan parliament on Feb. 8, 1646. The American Scotch Irish generally claim to be of Lowland origin. A descent to be proud of truly, when viewed in the fierce glare of undoubted history! If they had good sense they would not wish, either, to be considered as belonging to the "Scotch-Irish" tribe, which produced Calhoun, the secessionist, and Gen. Ross, who burned Washington in 1814, and whose monument, raised by his admiring "Scotch-Irish" neighbors, may still be seen in Rosstrevor, county Down.

GOOD OUTLOOK FOR FARMERS.

The fretful farmer of America, who is never wholly satisfied with anything in the way of crops, or returns, may possess his soul in patience this year, at least, if we are to believe the reports from Europe, and judging by the statistics already received from the great cereal producing regions of this country. The subjoined cablegram throws a broad glare of light the situation in Europe and here:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—Col. J. B. Montgomery of Oregon, whose wife is a cousin of Minister William Walter Phelps, has just returned from Germany and is now at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He parted from Mr. Phelps at Homburg and said the minister had entirely recovered from his illness. A reporter asked the Colonel about the crop failure in Europe. He said:

"'The crop failure in Europe is general, and distress is sure to follow. I was all over Germany and saw that the rain had ruined the wheat and rye. In Germany there will be a shortage in the grain crops of 33 per cent, or just 100,000,000 bushels.

"'The empire generally produces 340,000,000 bushels of rye and 80,000,000 bushels of wheat annually. With the great falling off mentioned the people will have to look to this country for relief. Russia is short and cannot supply Germany, and France is not much better off. The potato crop in continental Europe has been more or less a failure, and the people look with longing eyes toward America. I am not a speculator in grain, but I predict that by Christmas wheat in this country will sell at $1.50 a bushel, owing to the great demand in Europe.'

"Colonel Montgomery said he visited among United States consuls and they told him that since the McKinley tariff had gone into effect the exports to this country had almost doubled. The new tariff seemed to have done a great deal for Europe, although the Free Traders there cried out against it at first. About the great American hog being being kept out of Germany, the Colonel said:

"'Just as soon as the United States government makes careful microscopical examinations of pork for export then Germany will admit it. The people there are afraid of trichinosis, and if any one could see the careful way they tend their hogs the explanation of keeping out American pork would be easier. Why, I saw some hogs there at a distance and they looked so white I thought all the hair had been removed. A nearer view showed me that the hogs had been so carefully washed the hairs on them were clean and of a finer fibre than our common breed. They are very careful, too, of breeding. It is only a question of time when the American hog will be joyously received in every country in the world. Some day the hog supply will be short in Europe, and the United States will be called upon, as in the present grain shortage.'"

HON. JOHN FITZGERALD.

At the hour of going to press, it is announced that President Fitzgerald, of the Irish National League, is lying dangerously ill of brain fever at his residence in Lincoln, Neb. It is to be hoped that the report of his illness is exaggerated, because Mr. Fitzgerald is a credit to his race in this free country. He is eminently a self made man. Everything he possesses came from the labor of his own hands, and his sterling honesty had quite as much to do with his success in life, as his phenomenal energy. Unlike many other rich Irish Americans, he never shrank from identifying himself prominently with the Irish national cause, and his purse, as well as his influence, has ever been at the disposition of his well beloved native land. THE CITIZEN sincerely hopes that Mr. Fitzgerald may conquer the disease which threatens his life, and that he may long be spared for the performance of further good works.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN makes us feel exceedingly indolent. He ought to be furnished with a bottle of smelling salts.

United Ireland of Aug. 29, represents the unsalted urchin, Dwyer Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal*, as a baby grasping for a cake of Pear's soap—"He won't be happy until he gets it." Well, he's got it, but he's not happy yet. He's got the colic, and the Irish people don't feel like dosing him with paregoric.

JOHN DILLON resembles Scott's "Master of Ravenswood." His picture would make a good advertisement for the shop of an undertaker, with this legend, "Corpses carefully embalmed here."

PERSONAL.

THE CITIZEN is pleased to learn that Lieutenant R. J. Moore has been promoted to the command of the new police station near Jackson Park.

Major William C. McClure and Mr. Owen Murray returned to Chicago last week after an extended trip to Great Britain, Ireland and the European continent. Both gentlemen expressed themselves greatly delighted with all their experiences, except one. When the tidal wave struck the steamer Etruria, on which they returned, the shock loosened all their teeth, except the wisdom grinders. The latter having been spared in their full perfection, the Major and Mr. Murray have come to the conclusion that Chicago is a good port in which to anchor permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McGurren and family, of this city, have just returned from a very pleasant trip to Ireland, where they spent several happy weeks. They also took in the beauties of Great Britain and the continent. THE CITIZEN gives them cordial welcome home.

A marriage, likely to create a buzz in literary circles will shortly take place. Mr. Eugene Davis ("Owen Roe") is to be married in a few months to the widow of the late Mr. Myles Graham, of Dublin (only daughter of Mr. John Kirwan Coolbawn House, county Wicklow). The pretty bride elect has just seen twenty-two summers, and is a most charming and accomplished woman. She is at present residing with relatives at Brooklyn, N.Y. It is supposed the happy pair will spend a portion of the honeymoon in Ireland. Mr. Davis' fame is growing rapidly, and those whose judgment is to be relied on, say that he will shortly be one of the literary men of mark of the republic, on whose free soil and under whose glorious flag it is no exaggeration to say, "the pen is mightier than the sword."—*Cork Examiner, Aug 29.*

Mr. Daniel Corkery, who has been absent in Europe since June returned home Wednesday evening, and was given a cordial reception at the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern depot by a large party of friends, who escorted him to his home, No. 2625 Hanover street, where they were hospitably entertained. Mr Corkery spent some time in Ireland, and was much impressed by the unfortunate condition of that beautiful but deeply afflicted country.

Superintendent McClaughery, of the police force, says, in the *Police Bulletin*, of recent date: "Credit is due Officer John McInerney, of the Second Precinct, for his promptness and courage on the 29 h ult., when he, at great personal risk, succeeded in stopping, on Halsted street, a runaway horse attached to a wagon in which a boy was seated, and the prompt action of the officer undoubtedly saved him, and some of the many pedestrians on the street at the time, from serious injury or death."

It is pleasant to have to record that our esteemed friend, Michael Harris, of De Longasry, Mich., whose sawmills were burned on July 5, is actively placing his business on its former prosperous footing. Mr. Harris' losses on buildings and lumber amounted to over $12,000, and, unfortunately, there was no insurance. We commend and admire our old friend's pluck and wish him all success in his undertaking.

A DAMASCUS BLADE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

To crush in the dust the Upas tree
Of an immemorial wrong
A people need—between you and me—
Something more than a poet's song;
For the song dissolves into empty space,
But the despot is ever afraid
Of the sinew and strength of a dauntless race,
And a keen Damascus blade!

The world is still what it used to be
Some thousand years ago,
When speech proved vain—between you and me—
In face of a knock-down blow!
We may boast as we will of the power of mind
In the glory of thought arrayed,
But thought and mind are left behind
By a sharp Damascus blade!

'Twas a brand in the hand of Washington
When he raised the flag of the free,
And Belgium and Greece in its white light won
Their long lost liberty!
Well it wrought the tyrant's overthrow
When thrones in the dust were laid
By the skilful blow—in the vengeful glow
Of a bright Damascus blade!

Oh, the sword of the brave can never fall
When it strikes for a nation's weal,
For the despot will quail in his coat of mail
At the point of the pitiless steel!
So a toast tonight in Freedom's name
On field, or foray, or raid,
To a heart of oak, and a sinewy frame,
And a good Damascus blade!

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Dr. Tanner went to a ball at Boulogne and offended a French officer by making a remark about the heat of the room. The military commandant sent for Tanner's card, but Tanner, with an instinct worthy of his name, was afraid that his "pelt" would be perforated and refused the card. The Doctor cannot be accused of cowardice, for he led the female warriors of North Kilkenny gallantly.

Mr. Pinkerton, M. P., a Seceder, who so strenuously opposed land purchase by the Irish tenant farmers, has, nevertheless, purchased his own farm, under the Ashbourne act.

Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., accompanied by Mrs. O'Brien, arrived in Westport, on Aug. 18 from Connemara. Mr. O'Brien intends residing for some time in a cottage about seven miles from Westport, beautifully situated on the shores of Clew Bay, at the base of Croaghpatrick, and in view of Clare Island, where the plot of his new novel is laid. Mr. O'Brien's next literary venture, it is reported, will be a pamphlet on the persecutions of the Russian Hebrew.

We pick the following pearl from the anti-Parnellite correspondence of an Irish-American exchange. "In my first communication I referred to Irish girls walking with British redcoats on the streets of Queenstown. Alas! it is a common sight all over Ireland. In Limerick, where 200 years ago Irish women fought side by side with their fathers and brothers in expelling the enemy from the walls of that grand old city, you can see the women in crowds marching on the streets with the Saxon hirelings. I asked an old man why the women of Limerick were degrading themselves in that way, and he said the devil had got into them lately." That is very strange talk in view of the fact that the McCarthyites want a closer union between the Irish and English. This latest bugler of the Bantry Band is surely playing out of tune.

Mrs. Mulhern, relict of the late John Mulhern, merchant, Castlerea, and sister of Mr. Owen Reilly, a well known hotel keeper in that town, died recently. Her husband died on May 2, 1889.

One night recently a large quantity of bottled porter was stolen from the premises of Edward Moran, hotel, Dromahair. About 12 o'clock Mr. Moran was aroused by a noise outside his house, whereupon he at once got up to the window and distinctly saw two or three persons making good their escape over the low wall outside. He came down stairs, gave an alarm and shouted for the police, but the officers of the peace were not to be found, and the depredators escaped.

At the meeting of the Manorhamilton board of guardians, on Aug. 13, a respectable looking woman named McMorrow, from Mullaghfad, St. Patrick's division, came before the board, applying for out door relief. She stated that her husband was lying ill, and she and her family had been evicted from their holding. She owed two years' rent, about £16, and in lieu of this she had had offered her cow to the agent until the crops could be harvested. The agent, Mr. Hewson, however, refused to accept the cow, with the result that she had been turned out on the roadside. The board decided to give outdoor relief to the fullest extent permitted by the law.

An esteemed subscriber from Hancock, Mich., asks whether Prof. Freeney of Araglen is a descendant of Freeney the road agent. We believe he is—he belongs to the Bantry faction.

The *Freeman* of Aug. 26 says: "From every province of Ireland accounts come to hand of terrible injury to cereal crops by the heavy and continuous rainstorms with which the country is visited. Harvesting operations are suspended generally, and the most serious consequences apprehended if good weather does not quickly set in."

The new church at Enniscrone was solemnly dedicated on Aug. 23 by the Most Rev. Dr. Conway, bishop of Kilala.

Andrew McCammon, of Nutgrove, Seaforde, has been appointed a justice of the peace for the county Down.

At Nenagh petty sessions John Sullivan was returned for trial for setting fire to a quantity of hay owned by Mr. J. J. Poe of Gralla.

Mr. Daniel Moloney, J P., Labasheeda, was prosecuted at the Knock (Kildysart) petty sessions by the Limerick fishery board of conservators, for using a net not duly licensed, for catching salmon on the 2d of March and several subsequent days. He was fined £60, which is double the license duty.

At the meeting of the Macroom board of guardians Messrs. D. O'Keeffe and T.B. Healy were elected vice-chairman and deputy vice chairman respectively.

Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan, a prominent business man of New Ross, died on the 20th ult.

On Aug. 20 the dwellinghouse and outoffices of a farmer named Edward McDonald, of Kereight, Wexford, were destroyed by fire.

Mr. John Dunne, of Rhode, Queens county, died on Aug. 14.

At a special sessions, held at Navan on Aug. 19, a young man named John Kerrigan, aged about 24 years, who had been employed as an assistant in the postoffice at Navan, was brought up in custody charged with the embezzlement of money received by him as a clerk in the Postoffice Savings Bank, and also with forgery. He was remanded.

His Grace the Primate has made the following appointments: Rev. F. Fox, C.C., Ravensdale, to be C.C., Dundalk; Rev. N. Spear to be C.C. Ravensdale; Rev. T. Boyle, C.C., Cullyhanna, to be C.C., Drogheda, Rev. T. O'Neill, C.C., Faughart, to be C.C., Cullyhanna.

Rev. J. L. Heffernon a native of Ballylongford (Kerry), died in South Melbourne, Australia, recently.

Mr. T. W. Russell, a blue nosed Tory M.P., addressed a large meeting at Portrush recently, on the subject of his tour last winter in the south and west. Speaking of Lord Clanricarde, he told his audience that in the worst of times that landlord had insisted on having his pound of flesh, and had shown a callous and cynical disregard of the duties of property. Different chief secretaries who had to lend him the assistance of police and military well knew the circumstances of his property, and were very thankful that Ireland had only one Lord Clanricarde.

A farmer named John McKeown was charged at Newry with attempting to commit suicide. It appeared from the evidence that Mrs. McKeown left home for a short time, and on returning found that the accused had tied a rope to one of the rafters of his dwellinghouse, and fastened a noose around his neck. She suddenly seized him and loosened the rope. Dr. Kean, on examining McKeown, pronounced him to be insane, and he was committed to the Armagh asylum.

According to the *Munster Express* the city of Waterford is threatened with a plague of police pensioners. "Already their advanced guards have eaten up the places of the scrivveners, commission agents, insurance agents, caretakers, rent collectors, and a host of other smaller fry. In fact, so ubiquitous have they become that we find them in almost every post from the bookkeeper to the vanman. They may be distinguished by their haughty ignorance, currish insolence, and rubicund proboscs. Our esteemed contemporary is endeavoring to stem this odious tide.

CASUALTIES IN IRELAND.

An old man named Thomas Redmond was found dead in his bed at Springmount, Kilkan, county Wexford. He had been in Enniscorthy on the previous day, and appeared in his usual good health, leaving the town early in the evening for home. Having got there he went to bed, and early on the following morning it was found that he had expired during the night. Heart disease was the cause ascribed.

Richard Ashenhurst, a postman, was furiously attacked by a large dog while delivering letters at a house in Blackrock. One of his ears was torn to pieces, and shocking wounds inflicted on his head and face. He lies in St. Michael's Hospital, Kingstown, in a critical state.

An inquiry was held at Fethard relative to the death of Michael Walsh, of Little Graigue, who died from injuries received from a fall which he got on Jan. 11 by a car knocking him down. Medical evidence went to show that death resulted from softening of the brain incidental to inflammation set up by concussion. Verdict accordingly.

An inquest was held near Cookstown on the body of a girl named Mary McNally. The evidence showed that the deceased, who lived alone, was seized with an epileptic fit and fell into the fire. Shortly afterwards she died from the effects of burns. A verdict was returned in accordance with the evidence.

Dr. Fottrell, acting coroner for the city of Dublin, held an inquest in one of the offices at the Midland Railway terminus, Broadstone, on the body of Patrick Dowdall, aged 60 years, a carriage cleaner, who was crushed between the buffers of two carriages while he was engaged in cleaning the carriages. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death. The jury recommended the orphans of the deceased to the kind consideration of the directors of the railway.

On Aug. 25, at about 1:30 a. m., Mr. James Power, Tramore, observed from the window of his residence the green light of a vessel which appeared to be drifting rapidly on to the breakers. A furious southerly gale was blowing at the time. Mr. Power made his way to the house of Mr. Spinks, coxswain of the local lifeboat, and informed him that a vessel was in distress in the bay. Mr. Spinks at once fired the lifeboat mortar, which brought a crowd to the strand. Under the direction of Mr. Edward Jacob, secretary to the Tramore branch of the National Lifeboat Institution, the lifeboat was launched. As the entire regular crew of the boat had not responded to the summons, the following gentlemen volunteered for the vacant oars: Messrs. James Power, James A. McCoy, Capt. Pimm, and Constable Sharkey, R. I. C. On nearing the ship the crew were observed to be hanging on to the leeside in the boats. The vessel had begun to break up, and seven men would have been undoubtedly lost but for the timely assistance rendered. The crew had only left the ill fated vessel a few minutes when the craft went to pieces. Captain Fletcher, who commanded the wrecked vessel, states that she was the barquentine Albert, of Youghal, owned by Mr. Williams, of Cork, freighted with coal for Cork.

On Aug. 22 a vanman named Martin Menton, who had been in the employment of Messrs. Sullivan, brewers, Kilkenny, died in the workhouse in great agony from hydrophobia. In March last he was bitten by a dog which Mr. Barry, V. S., pronounced to be suffering from rabies, and which in consequence was destroyed. Recently Menton was suddenly taken ill. Dr. Heckett soon arrived. He found the sufferer had developed symptoms of hydrophobia, and he ordered his immediate removal to the hospital. Since that time, and up to the time he expired, the unfortunate man suffered frightful agony.

Hearty Approval.

At a meeting of the Quincy branch of the Irish National League of America, held in their hall on Water street, Quincy, Ill., Aug. 23, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Quincy branch of the I. N. L. of America, expresses its hearty approval of the action of the Irish National Convention held in Dublin on the 24th of July, recognizing that body as representing the Irish nation and endorsing its action in pronouncing Charles Stewart Parnell as the chosen leader of the Irish people in this trying hour of the struggle for Home Rule.

Resolved, That we approve of the platform adopted by the convention; we hope the Irish people will accept and act upon the plan of organization and the rules presented by that body, and thus place the Irish question again on a national basis, entirely independent of outside influence or alien dictation.

Resolved, That we thank the men of Thurles for the grand and triumphant reception given by them to Mr. Parnell on the occasion of his visit to their town, for which they have earned the gratitude of the Irish race scattered over the broad earth, their fearless independence, and devoted patriotism, proved them worthy of the race whom Thomas Davis proclaimed "The Matchless Men of Tipperary."

Resolved, That we deplore the course taken by John Dillon and William O'Brien in encouraging division in the National ranks, and bowing to the dictation of an English statesman. We regret the infatuation which induced men of their tried patriotism so far to forget the traditions and history of their people, as to put confidence in men who have never kept faith with Ireland, and by this fatal mistake they have done all in their power to give strength to the enemy, and delay the day of Irish independence.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, *United Ireland*, to the town council of Thurles, and be published in the local press.

JAMES COLLINS
TIMOTHY DEASY
MICHAEL GOODHUE,
MICHAEL PURNS,
GEORGE CAHILL,
Committee on Resolutions.

Literary Notes.

The Century Magazine will celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by publishing a Life of Columbus written especially for that magazine by Emilio Castelar, the famous Spanish orator, statesman, and author. The work is written in Spanish, and will be carefully translated. Senor Castelar, whose interest in and admiration for America are well known, has made a careful study of the new historical material bearing upon the subject, and it is said that his papers will be very richly illustrated. Other articles dealing with the discovery of America are in course of preparation for the same magazine. In view of the present timeliness of the subject, *The Century* has arranged to print during the coming year an important series of articles on the general subject of Agriculture and the Government's relation to the farmer. Among the topics to be treated are "Agricultural Possibilities of the United States," "The Farmer's Discontent," "What the Government is doing for the Farmer," "Co-operation," etc. Mr. J. R. Dodge, Statistician of the Agricultural Department, Mr. A. W. Harris, of the same department, Professor Brewer, of Yale, and others, are among the writers.

"Elements of Civil Government." A text book for use in public schools, high schools, and normal schools, and a manual of reference for teachers. By Alexander L. Peterman, late Principal and Professor of Civil Government in the Normal School of the Kentucky State College. 12mo, cloth, 218 pages. Price for introduction, 60 cents.—American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, publishers. Here is a book, simple, lucid in style, direct in statement, and based on correct pedagogical principles. It is compact rather than discursive, and from first to last proceeds from the known to the unknown. It begins with home, developing the idea of government from the known parental control, and pointing out the rights, duties, and responsibilities of the different members of the family as forming a community to be governed. The topical method of arrangement is observed, and at convenient points suggestive questions for review are introduced. To promote parliamentary habits, occasional questions for debate are placed at the end of chapters or sections. A copy of the Constitution of the United States is given at the end of the book.

To Colorado via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

Harvest Excursions.

Two genuine Harvest Excursions will be run from Chicago and other points on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to points in Western Minnesota, Northwestern Iowa, South and North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Montana, at cheap excursion rates, on Aug. 25 and Sept. 29. For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. P. S.—It will do your heart good to see the magnificent crops in South Dakota. They are simply immense.

Presto! Change! Gray and faded beards made to assume their original color by applying Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails to satisfy.

THE FIRST KISS.

Sweetheart, 'twas but a while ago—it scarce seems yesterday,
Though now my hair is white as snow and yours is turning gray—
That, walking in the twilight haze, while bright stars blushed above,
You told me that you loved me, and I kissed you for that love!

The first kiss, dear; and then your hand—dear hand, so soft and sweet!
Far whiter than the white, sweet sand that twinkled 'neath your feet—
Laid tenderly within my own. Have queens such lovely hands?
No wonder that the whippoorwills made sweet the autumn lands!

It seems to me that my poor heart would beat to death or break,
While all the world—sweetheart! sweetheart! seemed singing for your sake;
And every rose that barred the way in glad and dying grace,
Forgot its faded summer day and, leaning, kissed your face!

I envied all the roses then, and all the rosy ways
That blossomed 'neath our feet are still my life's bright yesterdays;
But thinking of that first sweet kiss, and that first clasp of hands,
Life's whippoorwills sing sweeter now through all the autumn lands!

—*Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution*

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

Sunday afternoon the Gaelic Athletic Association held its regular games the grounds at the corner of Lincoln and Polk streets. Two football contests were witnessed by a large number of spectators.

The first game between the Wolf Tones and the O'Connells was decided in favor of the latter by a score of three points to two.

A hotly contested game between the Innistails and the O'Briens followed. The match resulted in favor of the O'Brien's, and was a surprise to their most sanguine partisans. At the finish the score was: O'Briens three points and one goal disputed, to two points for the Innisfails.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending Sept. 9:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	115	72	43	.626
Bostons	114	66	48	.579
New Yorks	106	59	46	.562
Philadelphias	111	58	53	.523
Clevelands	116	52	64	.448
Brooklyns	112	49	63	.438
Pittsburgs	114	49	65	.430
Cincinnatis	115	46	69	.400

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending Sept 9:

Thursday—Chicago 10, Boston 1. Cincinnati 8, Philadelphia 13. Cleveland 4, New York 7.

Friday—Chicago 5, Boston 3 Cleveland 2, New York 3. Pittsburg 6, Brooklyn 0.

Saturday—Chicago 2, Boston 3 Pittsburg 11, Brooklyn 7 Cincinnati 3, Philadelphia 5

Monday—Brooklyn 21, Chicago 3 Brooklyn 8, Chicago 9 New York 7, Cincinnati 8 New York 6, Cincinnati 0 Philadelphia 3, Pittsburg 6. Philadelphia 1, Pittsburg 8

Tuesday—Boston 8 Cleveland 6. Boston 3, Cleveland 6. Cincinnati 6, Brooklyn 4

Wednesday—Brooklyn 2, Chicago 4 Boston 14. Cleveland 10. Boston 10, Cleveland 8. Philadelphia 5, Pittsburg 6. New York 7, Cincinnati 3

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost	Per cent.
Bostons	113	80	33	.708
St. Louis	116	72	44	.621
Baltimores	113	64	49	.566
Philadelphias	117	63	54	.538
Columbus	122	56	66	.459
Milwaukees	115	48	67	.417
Washingtons	111	39	72	.351
Louisvilles	115	39	76	.339

Thursday—Boston 2, Columbus 8 Baltimore 7, Milwaukee 1. Philadelphia 6, St. Louis 3 Washington 15, Louisville 5. Washington 3, Louisville 2

Friday—Boston 14 Columbus 4 Philadelphia 6 Milwaukee 5 Washington 3, Baltimore 0

Saturday—Boston 2, Louisville 3. Philadelphia 5, Columbus 3. Philadelphia 8, Columbus 2. Baltimore 6, St. Louis 6

Monday—Baltimore 7, Louisville 5. Baltimore 9 Louisville 5. Philadelphia 5, Milwaukee 3 Philadelphia 1, Milwaukee 4 Washington 7, Columbus 15. Washington 3 Columbus 8

Tuesday—Boston 9, St. Louis 2 Washington 3, Columbus 4 Washington 7, Columbus 8.

Wednesday—Boston 4, Columbus 2 Baltimore 4, Milwaukee 2. Philadelphia 4, St. Louis 5.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	16	11	5	.688
Garden Citys	17	11	6	.647
West Ends	16	9	7	.563
Rivals	16	7	9	.438
Brands	16	6	10	.375
Franklins	17	5	12	.294

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Whitings 9, Franklins 8 Brands 8, West Ends 4 Rivals 9, Garden Citys 8

Gaelic Athletics in Ireland.

A hurling match was played at Birr between teams from Kilough and Lusmagh, the former winning by one goal to nil.

Several exciting handball matches were decided at Bridgetown recently. In the match between Wexford firsts (John French, Willie Hayes, and James Swords) against Castlebridge firsts (Jack and Ned Leary and Devereux), the bridgemen won by 9 to 15 in each game Wexford second team (P. Walsh, Joe Walsh, and James Lacy) against Bridgetown second team, the latter won easily. Carrig on Bannow had rather an easy task in vanquishing Barntown, but the latter second team accounted for the second man from Castlebridge in a similar fashion. The Bridgetown second team also beat Carrig-on Bannow seconds. The great event of the day was the scratch match between Hayes, Simpson, and Leary, against Phil Doyle, W. Keegan, and Ed Stafford, Bridgetown. This match brought out some scientific play and delighted the vast crowds that were present. Ultimately Simpson's team after a desperate struggle, succeeded in bearing away the honors.

Two matches in the football championship of Dublin were played at Clonturk park under the most pleasant atmospheric conditions. The attendance was fairly good and the order throughout was excellent. The first match lay between the Sons of the Sea and the Mitchels, and notwithstanding that the former were considerably the heavier they were obliged to put all their strength forward to win by a goal and six points to nil. It is not often that a better game is witnessed around the metropolis than that played by the Benburbs and Round Towers of Clondalkin From start to finish it was of the closest and most exciting description, and though the Benburbs won by a goal and 2 points to a goal and 1 point, it must be said that the honors were about equally divided.

J P O'Sullivan, Killorglin, won the all-round athletic championship of Ireland in Dublin, on Aug. 15, there being only two other competitors—T. M Donovan, Cork, and P Farrelley, of Belfast. O'Sullivan scored 31 points, Donovan 30, and Farrelly 17 Donovan was the winner of last year's all round championship.

LATEST IRISH DEATHS

EYRE—Aug. 13, at No. 1 Stanley terrace, Greystones, Marmaduke Richard Eyre, of the Post Office, Dublin, aged 63 years

STAUNTON—Aug. 14, at Swinford, county Mayo, Mrs. Staunton, aged 75 years, mother of the Very Rev. Dr. Staunton, P. P., Swinford, Rev. P. R. Staunton P.P., Tubbercurry, and A. J. Staunton, chairman Swinford Board of Guardians.

LAWLOR—Aug. 19, at Ballyclider, Maryborough, Mrs. Mary Lawlor.

SMYTH—Aug. 13, at Hunterstown, Ardee, Bridget, relict of the late Patrick Smyth.

DALY—Aug. 16, at Balbriggan, Richard Daly, late of West Brighton, Staten Island, U. S. A., agen 73 years.

FINUCANE—Aug. 15 Maggie, wife of James Finucane, Navan.

KILLEEN—Aug. 15, at Kingstown, Thomas Killeen.

O'BRIEN—Aug 15, at No. 11 Dean street, Dublin, James, eldest son of Thomas and Margaret O'Brien, aged 23 years.

SHAW—Aug. 15, at Riverdale, Killucan, county Westmeath, Matthew Shaw, aged 88 years.

CARROLL—Aug. 20, at No. 42 Patrick st., Dublin, Gerald Carroll, youngest son of John M Carroll, aged 26 years.

CLUSKY—Aug. 11, at Warrenstown, county Meath, James Clusky, aged 66 years.

DEVEREUX—Aug. 19, at No 21 Queen st., Govan, Glasgow, J. J. Devereux, grandson of the late J. J. Dowling, Eden quay, late of Limerick.

HUGHES—Aug. 13, at Strade Hill, Dublin, Honoria relict of the late Nicholas Hughes, aged 68 years.

BYRNE—At No. 9 Benburb street, Dublin, Anne, widow of the late James Byrne.

HANWAY—Aug. 16, at Wexford, Ellen, wife of D. Hanway, and mother of the Rev. J. J. Hanway, O. S. F., Franciscan convent, Waterford, aged 65 years.

MORRIS—Aug. 17, Emily, only daughter of Michael Morris, J. P., Clonmore House, Piltown, county Kilkenny.

SAMPSON—Aug. 17, at Rodeen House, Borrisokane, Eliza Mary Frances, wife of Dr. Sampson.

CLINCH—At Our Lady's Hospice, Harolds-cross, Anna Maria Clinch, aged 27 years, only surviving daughter of the late John Bartley.

FOOTWENGLER—Aug. 24, at Rathfarnham, Margaret Teresa, wife of Adrian Footwengler, of No. 9 Aungier street, Dublin, and youngest sister of the Rev. Joseph O'Brien, Victoria, Australia.

BYRNE—Aug. 24, at Duke street, Athy, Mrs. Mary Byrne, relict of the late Patrick Byrne.

BYRNE—Aug. 25, Margaret Byrne, aged 67 years, relict of Patrict Byrne, of Dunlavin, and late of St. Valerie, Bray, county Wicklow.

HILL—Aug. 25, at Queensborough, Drogheda, Richard R. Hill aged 75 years.

MURPHY—Aug. 25, at No. 28 S. Anne street, Dublin, Mrs. Murphy, relict of Michael Murphy.

DOWDALL—Aug. 22, at Fellestown, Culmullen, county Meath, Stephen Dowdall.

SCOTT—Aug. 20, at Vauxhall road, Liverpool, Thomas Arthur Scott, M.B., Ch. B., T. C. D., aged 26 years, eldest son of Canon Scott, Rector of St. George's parish, Dublin.

Sallow and leaden-hued complexions soon give place to the loveliest pink and-white, when the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is persisted in, and cosmetics entirely abandoned. Nothing can counterfeit the rosy glow of perfect health, which blesses those who use this medicine.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

A Mystery.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nauseous medicines often literally poured into it for the suppositive relief of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they who are weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic, would oftener be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every instance obtain the speediest aid derivable from rational medication. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing, in consequence of its basis of pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

THE finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on the tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The crop of prairie chickens will be exceptionally good this year; also ducks and geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had. Full information furnished free. Address GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

COUNTERFEIT, FRAUD, SUBSTITUTE.

The nefarious practice carried on by many retail druggists in different parts of the country of substituting spurious articles for preparations of known merit and reputation, and thus imposing upon credulous purchasers, has become so great an injustice as to call for some united action on the part of the press of the country. The manufacturers of proprietory medicines, after having thoroughly tested and ascertained their value as remedies invest large sums of money in making their merits known to the public through the newspapers and by other means. In this way, by the continuous expenditure of large amounts, the goods acquire large sales, which keep on increasing as the public has tested them and become familiar with their values. The preparations are sold mainly through the retail druggists of the country and in the great general stores of our large cities. It is nothing unusual for a manufacturer of a proprietory medicine to spend $500,000 a year advertising in the newspapers alone, and as much more in other kinds of advertising. No sensible man would spend such enormous sums advertising a worthless remedy. As soon as the preparation thus pushed acquires large sale the druggists undertake to practice a systematic deception upon the people who have read of the merits of the remedy in the newspapers, by trying to substitute a cheap and worthless article, which they claim to have put up themselves, for the preparation advertised, when called for. In this way a double fraud is perpetrated; first upon the person calling for a remedy of merit and who has been inveigled into taking a cheap, worthless nostrum and secondly upon the manufacturer of the genuine article, whose efforts and money spent in the newspapers brought notice of its merits and value before the eyes of the party calling for it at the druggist. It is indeed hard to conceive of a more disreputable and daring attempt at downright fraud and imposition than this, and yet it is practiced on a large scale by a class of business men claiming to be honorable in the communities where they live. Accessory to this fraud practiced by retail druggists is a class of mercenary and unprincipled "manufacturing chemists" who put up the spurious goods for the retailers. The principal headquarters for this class of pirates seem to be in Detroit, Mich., and Decatur, Ill. These so called "manufacturing chemists" put up the counterfeit and substitute nostrums and sell them by the dozen. The commercial morality of these "chemists" may be judged from the fact that orders from a country druggist for a dozen bottles each to be substituted for Hood's Sarsaparilla, Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription, California Syrup of Figs Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Warner's Safe Cure, Green's August Flower, Hall's Catarrh Cure, S. S. S., Harter's Iron Tonic, Radway's Ready Relief, Lydia Pinkham Compound, Schenck's Seaweed Tonic, Simmons' Liver Regulator, and Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are all filled out of one and the same tank. Pains are taken, of course, to get bottles and labels as near like the genuine as possible (and not become liable to the law for infringement), so as to make it as easy as possible for the retailer to pawn them off upon his deluded victims. In addition to the preparations already mentioned great frauds are perpetrated by substitution and counterfeit upon Scott's Emulsion, Hostetter's Bitters, Ely's Cream Balm, Beecham's Pill's, Piso's Consumption Cure, Pears' Soap, Tutt's Pills, Carter's Little Liver Pills, Castoria, Shiloh's Consumption Cure, Kemp's Balsam, St. Jacob's Oil, Boshe's German Syrup and many other preparations too numerous to mention. These "manufacturing chemists" are so audacious in their perpetration of fraud as to actually go into court and try to defend their practices of deception. It was but a short time ago at Louisville, Ky., in a suit instituted by the California Fig Syrup Co. against one of these "manufacturing chemists" for making and putting upon the market a bogus Fig Syrup, intended to be substituted by the wholesale for the genuine and reap the benefit of the money spent in advertising it, that a plea of defense was actually made. The manufacturers of the spurious article openly and unblushingly came into court with counsel to defend their scheme, which was little short of an attempt at wholesale robbery.

There should be no confidence placed in a druggist or dealer who stoops to this disreputable practice of defrauding. He will not stop at cheating in other lines of his trade as well as in this branch. As was very aptly stated a few days ago in one of the New York papers by Mr. Lyman D. Morse, manager of J. H. Bates Agency, when calling attention to this system of fraud, the druggist who would substitute a spurious and worthless proprietory article for the genuine would not hesitate to deceive and cheat in the ingredients that go into a physician's prescription. Such men are not worthy of confidence. In his address before the editorial convention at St. Paul a few weeks ago Mr. A. F Richardson, of New York, called attention to the system of imposition in a clear and forceful manner. Now that the subject is opened the press of the country should not let up on it until the entire system of counterfeiting and substituting is abolished and the fraudulent "manufacturing chemists" driven root and branch from their unworthy occupation.

Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on Sept. 29, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes. For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or address any ticket agent.

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The Burlington Route, C., B & Q R. R. operates 7 000 miles of road, with terminal in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none.

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Leave 9:30 a. m., return to the city at 9 p. m. $1.00 Round trip.

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The "City of Chicago," 9:30 a. m. steamer from Chicago connects with the Special Steamboat Express on the Chicago & West Michigan Railway for Grand Rapids, Holland, Petoskey, Detroit, Mackinac Island and all Northern points. This is the quickest and cheapest route to these points.

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For further information apply to G. S. WHITELAR, General Passenger Agent.

A WONDER.

She is a college graduate. Packed in her little head
Are all the living languages and many that are dead;
She thinks her thoughts in Latin and she whistles in high Greek,
While with a Chinese washee man she easily can speak.

The whole array of sciences are at her finger tips,
And problems mathematical just bubbles from her lips.
Whene'er she talks her hearers try their hardest to look wise;
But, to conceal their ignorance, they venture no replies.

Not only is her learning far ahead of any dream,
But she in college tennis was the captain of a team;
And in the college races on the lake and on the land,
Was always crowned the victor, to the music of the band.

A dainty pair of glasses on her dainty little nose
Adds to her look of culture and her statuelike repose;
But when discussing subjects with a Boston maiden's might
Her eyes flash through her glasses like a locomotive's light.

Oh, she is just a daisy. Though the drawback of her sex
Keeps her from being president, her mind it doesn't vex;
For there are higher stations she is able to attain
By having so much knowledge in her active little brain.

And now the wonder cometh, this sweet college girl, who might
Reform the very universe which men have ruined quite,
Stays at home to help her mother in the kitchen, where she makes
The most delicious puddings, pies and home-made bread and cakes.

A man who thinks a woman's higher education tends
To make her hate domestic work, on which his bliss depends,
Should taste this maiden's cooking, for the more that women know
The more of sweet home happiness they're able to bestow.

—H. C. Dodge in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

FOR MARSE CHOUCHOUTE

"An now, young man, w'at you want to remember is this—an take it fer yo motto: 'No monkeyshines with Uncle Sam.' You understan? You aware now o' the penalties attached to monkeyshinin with Uncle Sam. I reckon that's 'bout all I got to say; so you be on han promp' tomorrow mornin at 7 o'clock to take charge o' the United States mail-bag."

This formed the close of a very pompous address delivered by the postmaster of Centerville to young Armand Verchette, who had been appointed to carry the mails from the village to the railway station, three miles away.

Armand—or Chouchoute, as every one chose to call him, following the habit of the creoles in giving nicknames—had listened a little impatiently.

Not so the little negro boy who accompanied him. The child had listened with the deepest respect and awe to every word of the rambling admonition.

"How much you gwine git, Marse Chouchoute?" he asked, as they walked down the village street together, the black boy a little behind. He was very black, and slightly deformed; a small boy, scarcely reaching to the shoulder of his companion, whose cast off garments he wore.

But Chouchoute was tall for his sixteen years, and carried himself well.

"W'y, I'm goin to git thirty dolla' a month, Wash. W'at you say to that? Betta 'an hoein cotton, a'nt it?" He laughed, with a triumphant ring in his voice.

But Wash did not laugh. He was too much impressed by the importance of this new function, too much bewildered by the vision of sudden wealth which thirty dollars a month meant to his understanding.

He felt, too, deeply conscious of the great weight of responsibility which this new office brought with it. The imposing salary had confirmed the impression left by the postmaster's words.

"You gwine git all dat money? Sakes! W'at you reckon Ma'me Armand say? I know she gwine mos' take a fit w'en she heah dat."

But Chouchoute's mother did not "mos' take a fit" when she heard of her son's good fortune. The white and wasted hand which rested upon the boy's black curls trembled a little, it is true, and tears of emotion came into her tired eyes. This step seemed to her the beginning of better things for her fatherless boy.

They lived quite at the end of this little French village, which was simply two long rows of very old frame houses, facing one another closely across a dusty roadway.

Their home was a cottage, so small and so humble that it just escaped the reproach of being a cabin.

Every one was kind to Mme. Armand. Neighbors ran in of mornings to help her with her work—she could do so little for herself. And often the good priest, Pere Antoine, came to sit with her and talk innocent gossip.

To say that Wash was fond of Mme. Armand and her son is to be poor in language to express devotion. He worshiped her as if she were already an angel in Paradise.

Chouchoute was a delightful young fellow; no one could help loving him. His heart was as warm and cheery as his own southern sunbeams. If he was born with an unlucky trick of forgetfulness—or, better, thoughtlessness—no one ever felt much like blaming him for it, so much did it seem a part of his happy, careless nature. And why was that faithful watchdog, Wash, always at Marse Chouchoute's heels, if it were not to be hands and ears and eyes to him, more than half the time?

One beautiful spring night Chouchoute, on his way to the station, was riding along the road that skirted the river. The clumsy mail bag that lay before him across the pony was almost empty, for the Centerville mail was a meager and unimportant one at best.

But he did not know this. He was not thinking of the mail, in fact; he was only feeling that life was very agreeable this delicious spring night.

There were cabins at intervals upon the road—most of them darkened, for the hour was late. As he approached one of these, larger than the others, he heard the sound of a fiddle, and saw lights through the openings of the house.

It was so far from the road that when he stopped his horse and peered through the darkness he could not recognize the dancers who passed before the open doors and windows. But he knew this was Gros Leon's ball, which he had heard the boys talking about all the week.

Suppose he should stand in the doorway an instant and exchange a word with the dancers? It would not take a moment.

Chouchoute dismounted, fastened his horse to the fencepost and proceeded toward the house.

The room, crowded with people young and old, was long and low, with rough beams across the ceiling, blackened by smoke and time. Upon the high mantelpiece a single coal oil lamp burned—and none too brightly.

In a far corner, upon a platform of boards laid across two flour barrels, sat Uncle Ben, playing upon a squeaky fiddle and shouting the "figures."

"Ah! v'la Chouchoute!" some one called.

"Eh! Chouchoute!"

"Jus' in time, Chouchoute; yere's Miss Leontine waitin fer a partna."

"S'lute yo' partnas!" Uncle Ben was thundering forth; and Chouchout, with one hand gracefully behind him, made a profound bow to Miss Leontine, as he offered her the other.

Now Chouchoute was noted far and wide for his skill as a dancer. The moment he stood upon the floor a fresh spirit seemed to enter into all present. It was with renewed vigor that Uncle Ben intoned his "Balancy all! Fus fo' fo'ard an back!"

The spectators drew close about the couples to watch Chouchoute's wonderful dancing.

"It takes Chouchoute to shew 'em de step, va!" proclaimed Gros Leon, with fat satisfaction, to the audience at large.

"Look 'im! look 'im yonda! Ole Ben got to work hard' 'an dat if he want to keep up wid Chouchoute, va!"

So it was; encouragement and adulation on all sides, till, from the praise that was showered on him, Chouchoute's head was as light as his feet.

At the windows appeared the dusky faces of the negroes, their bright eyes gleaming as they viewed the scene within and mingled their loud guffaws with the medley of sound that was already deafening.

The time was speeding. The air was heavy in the room, but no one seemed to mind this. Uncle Ben was calling the figures now with a rhythmic singsong:

"Right an lef' all 'roun! Swing co'nas!"

Chouchoute turned with a smile to Miss Felicie on his left, his hand extended, when, what should break upon his ear but the long, harrowing wail of a locomotive.

Then he vanished from the room. Miss Felicie stood as he left her, with hand uplifted, rooted to the spot with astonishment.

It was the train whistling for his station, and he a mile and more away! He knew he was too late, and that he could not make the distance; but the sound had been a rude reminder that he was not at his post of duty.

However, he would do what he could now. He ran swiftly to the outer road, and to the spot where he had left his pony.

The horse was gone, and with it the United States mail bag!

For an instant Chouchoute stood half stunned with terror. Then, in one quick flash, came to his mind a vision of possibilities that sickened him. Disgrace overtaking him in this position of trust; poverty his portion again; and his dear mother forced to share both with him.

He turned desperately to some negroes who had followed him, seeing his wild rush from the house:

"Who saw my hoss? W'at you all did with my hoss, say?"

"Who you reckon tech yo' hoss, boy?" grumbled Gustave, a sullen looking mulatto. "You didn' have no call to lef' 'im in de road, fus' place."

"'Pear to me like I heahed a hoss a-lopin down de road jis' now; didn' you, Uncle Jake?" ventured a second.

"Neva heahed nuttin—nuttin 't all 'cep' dat big mouf Ben in yonda makin mo fuss 'an a t'unda sto'm."

"Boys!" cried Chouchoute excitedly, "bring me a hoss, quick, one of you. I'm boun to have one! I'm boun to; I'll give two dolla to the firs' man brings me a hoss."

Near at hand, in the "lot" that adjoined Uncle Jake's cabin, was his little creole pony, nibbling the cool, wet grass that he found along the edges and in the corners of the fence.

The negro led the pony forth. With no further word and with one bound Chouchoute was upon the animal's back. He wanted neither saddle nor bridle, for there were few horses in the neighborhood that had not been trained to be guided by the simple motions of the rider's body

Once mounted, he threw himself forward with a certain violent impulse, leaning till his cheek touched the animal's mane.

He uttered a sharp "Hei!" and at once, as if possessed by sudden frenzy, the horse dashed forward, leaving the bewildered black man in a cloud of dust.

What a mad ride it was! On one side was the river bank, steep in places and crumbling away; on the other an unbroken line of fencing, now in straight lines of neat planking, now treacherous barbed wire, sometimes the zigzag rail.

The night was black, with only such faint light as the stars were shedding. No sound was to be heard save the quick thud of the horse's hoofs upon the hard dirt road, the animal's heavy breathing and the boy's feverish "hei, hei!" when he fancied the speed slackened.

Occasionally a marauding dog started from the obscurity to bark and give useless chase.

"To the road, to the road, Bon-a-rien!" panted Chouchoute, for the horse in his wild race had approached so closely to the river's edge that the bank crumbled beneath his flying feet. It was only by a desperate lunge and bound that he saved himself and rider from plunging into the water below.

Chouchoute hardly knew what he was pursuing so madly. It was rather something that drove him—fear, hope, desperation.

He was rushing to the station, because it seemed to him, naturally, the first thing to do. There was the faint hope that his own horse had broken rein and gone there of his own accord; but such hope was almost lost in a wretched conviction that had seized him the instant he saw "Gustave the thief" among the men gathered at Gros Leon's.

"Hei! hei, Bon-a-rein!"

The lights of the railway station were gleaming ahead, and Chouchoute's hot ride was almost at an end.

With sudden and strange perversity of purpose Chouchoute, as he drew closer upon the station, slackened his horse's speed. A low fence was in his way. Not long before he would have cleared it at a bound—for Bon-a-rien could do such things. Now he cantered easily to the end of it to go through the gate.

His courage was growing faint and his heart sinking within him as he drew nearer and nearer.

He dismounted, and holding the pony by the mane approached with some trepidation the young station master, who was taking note of some freight that had been deposited near the tracks.

"Mr. Hudson," faltered Chouchoute, "did you see my pony 'roun yere anywhere? an—an the mail sack?"

"Your pony's safe in the woods, Chou'te. The mail bag's on its way to New Orleans"——

"Thank God!" breathed the boy.

"But that poor little black fellow of yours has about done it for himself, I guess."

"Wash? Oh, Mr. Hudson! w'at's—w'at's happen' to Wash?"

"He's inside there, on my mattress. He's hurt, and he's hurt bad; that's what's the matter. You see the 10:45 train had come in, and she didn't make much of a stop; she was just pushing out when, bless me! if that little chap of yours didn't come tearing along on Spunky as if Old Harry was behind him.

"You know how No. 23 can pull at the start; and there was that little imp keeping abreast of her 'most under the thing's wheels.

"I shouted at him. I couldn't make out what he was up to, when blamed if he didn't pitch the mail bag clean into the car! Buffalo Bill couldn't have done it neater.

"Then Spunky, she shied; and Wash he bounced against the side of that car and back, like a rubber ball, and laid in the ditch till we carried him inside.

"I've wired down the road for Dr. Campbell to come up on No. 14 and do what he can for him."

Hudson had related these events to the distracted boy while they made their way toward the house.

Inside, upon a low pallet, lay the little negro, breathing heavily, his black face pinched and ashen with approaching death. He had wanted no one to touch him further than to lay him upon the bed.

The few men and colored women gathered in the room were looking upon him with pity mingled with curiosity.

When he saw Chouchoute he closed his eyes, and a shiver passed through his small frame. Those about him thought he was dead. Chouchoute knelt, choking, at his side and held his hand.

"Oh, Wash, Wash! W'at you did that for? W'at made you, Wash?"

"Marse Chouchoute," the boy whispered, so low that no one could hear him but his friend, "I was gwine 'long de big road, pas' Marse Gros Leon's, an I seed Spunky tied dah wid de mail. Dar warn't a minute—I 'clar', Marse Chouchoute, dar warn't a minute—to fotch you. W'at makes my head tu'n 'roun dat away?"

"Neva mine, Wash; keep still; don't you try to talk," entreated Chouchoute.

"You ain't mad, Marse Chouchoute?"

The lad could only answer with a hand pressure.

"Dar warn't a minute, so I gits top o' Spunky—I neva seed nuttin cl'ar de road like dat. I come 'long side—de train—an fling de sack. I seed 'im kotch it, and I don't know nuttin mo' 'cep' mis'ry, till I see you a-comin frough de do'. Mebby Mme. Armand know some'pin," he murmured faintly, "w'at gwine make my—head quit tu'nin 'round that away I boun to git well; 'case who—gwine—watch Marse — Chouchoute?" — Kate Chopin in Youth's Companion.

Modern Swedish Houses.

The majority of Swedish towns are still built of wood; but some few there are which, owing to the destruction of the old houses by fire, have been rebuilt in a more substantial manner. In the breadth of the streets of these new towns and in some other matters the Swedish architects have set an example which might with advantage be followed by more southern peoples. One cannot but regret the destruction of the old wooden houses with their strange gables and quaint little windows; but what the antiquary has lost the people have no doubt gained in improved sanitation and such like things.—Chambers' Journal.

The Explosive Ammonite.

The new explosive called ammonite is probably the most useful and reliable yet made. It has great power, is free from danger in manufacturing and in use, and recent tests made with it in England have resulted in the railroads taking it for transportation without the usual restrictions pertaining to explosives. It is not injured by exposure to the air and will not decompose. Its ingredients are a mixture of 81½ per cent. of ammonium nitrate and 18½ per cent. of mono-nitro naphthalene.—New York Times.

WOMEN IN A VOLCANO.

THEY MAKE A PERILOUS DESCENT INTO POPOCATEPETL.

Mexico's Lofty Mountain Scaled by Three Plucky Americans—They Startle the Guides by Going Into the Crater—Sliding Down the Mountain Side.

At midnight they rose from the rude couches in the mountaineer's hut where they had rested, and made ready. How? By dressing warmly, wrapping their feet and limbs in fold upon fold of cloth, since at every step they must break the glazed crust, covering the unmelting snows beneath, and by shielding with thick veils their eyes and skin against the glare and sharp needles of the snow, though it was but moonlight.

Slowly then the three ladies, with their masculine friends, began the long walk. To each lady was assigned a guide familiar with the route, and it was his duty, as well as pleasure, to break the way for them by putting his larger foot down and through the crust, so that their labor was only to put their feet into his tracks.

Six mortal hours of plodding wearily onward and upward, hardly daring to look behind, at least not often, upon the world, seemingly lying in chaos behind them, but themselves pressing up the snowy heights before them, wrapped in the moist, cool glissance of the cloud land. Long, long before the sun broke through the clouds at their feet upon a sleeping, mist wrapped world below did they see his glorious flames spring from the far seas and reflected upon the heights toward which they climbed, though faint his glow till a late hour of that very, very early morning.

But at last, with their feet wrappings cut to pieces, they stood upon the borders of the volcano Popocatepetl. Glad enough were the wornout ladies to rest in a poor shelter, while their Indian guides and cook prepared their breakfast.

INVESTIGATING THE VOLCANO.

A faint mist lay rather than rose upon the air of the crater, and the odor of sulphur was already perceptible. When, breakfast being done and all preparations made, it became evident that the three Americans actually intended to descend to the sulphur beds in the bottom of the crater, the poor Indians were seized with terror. No woman's foot had ever touched these dens and caves, these mines of sulphur, from which their labor had drawn for centuries, from which Cortes obtained the means for the fiery conquest of their forefathers. These sources of supply would be bewitched, despoiled, should a woman's foot ever touch them.

They fell upon their knees and begged them to desist from the attempt. But the Americans had not braved the toil and danger of the ascent to return unsatisfied. Go down they would. The Indians shook their heads and sighed beneath their breath, and wondered what kind of men those fair gentlemen could be who did not seem to be able to hinder their wives from carrying out this awful resolution. But, since there seemed to be no help for it, they prepared themselves to let down these extraordinary burdens upon the windlasses.

Yes! there was nothing else for it but to go down as the gentlemen did upon the crossbeam of the rope, which the Indians slowly unwound from above the fair artist, if so she might be called, keeping herself from being dashed against the craggy, yellow seamed and stained walls by means of a strong cane or stick, with which she pushed herself away from the crater sides as she descended.

One of the ladies, not so strong as the others, became unconscious from the fumes of sulphur and had to be hurried up to the air again.

FASTER THAN TOBOGGANING.

What was the interior like? An immense, nearly circular chamber, of which the floor was an aneven, yellow tinted surface, like a caldron whose contents have hardened, while boiling, in huge bubbles. Crags and huge spikes, or half pillars or sulphurous masses filled in the weird shop of the sulphur gnomes. No language can fitly describe such an interior. Only those who are willing to pay the price which the Americans paid can have the remarkable sensation of seeing and being inside of a volcano. But once more restored to the upper air, not the least remarkable part of this adventure remained to be tried.

Standing on the border, the descent over the snow slopes up which they had toiled the night before looked sharp and dangerous; and too sharp and dangerous it was to attempt by foot as they had come up. The guides must take them down on the patatas. Broad plaited straw mats were these, as stiff as an ordinary half inch board. The guide sat in front with a steering pole, which was also a crook of safety, since, if the descent became too rapid, there was imminent danger of the whole party being pitched head over heels down the steep, perilous slope of ice. Behind the guide sat the ladies, as boys slide down hill, and at a given signal away they flew.

Such a sled trial! Tobogganing is child's play compared to it. The distance which it had taken six hours to climb was passed over again in just fifteen minutes. Then the whole party were once more below the snow limit and feeling that they had once more returned to the world in which they had previously passed their lives, for their other experiences had seemed to belong to another sphere than that of earth.—Cor. Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Little Florence's Idea of God.

Little Florence, two years old—her mamma was trying to explain to her infant mind in reply to her question "Who is God?"—listened very attentively to the explanation, and, with a sigh of satisfaction, said: "I love God; don't you, mamma? He's a good old man."

And after listening to the story of Jesus, she said: "Wasn't he nice when he was a little baby! Were you his mamma?"—New York Tribune.

He Took Too Much.

One day a smart young fellow with shiny shoes, a new hat and checker board trousers boarded a street car in a western city, and stepped to the front platform. He pulled out a twist of paper and lighted it, and began puffing a concentrated essence of vile odors into the faces of those who were obliged to ride upon the platform if they rode at all. One, a plain old farmer, couldn't stand it, and stepped off to wait for the next car.

When he reached the station the young fellow was there before him, and it happened that the two met at the restaurant counter.

"Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter. "Here, gimme one," and he tossed out a nickel, and then proceeded to pick up and pull apart every one of the half dozen sandwiches on the plate before he found one to suit him.

The farmer, who had been waiting for his turn, drew back in disgust. Finally he found something which the fingers of another had not fouled, and presently followed the loud young man to the car. He found every seat occupied, including the half of one on which were piled the young man's gripsack and overcoat.

"Is this seat taken?" he ventured to inquire.

"Seat's engaged," was the curt answer, with a look meant to squelch the old farmer, who went into the smoking car.

That afternoon the same young man walked into the office of the governor of the state, armed with recommendations and indorsements, an applicant for a position under the state government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his traveling companion of the morning without any trouble.

Glancing over his papers, the governor said, "H—m, yes; you want me to appoint you to so-and-so. If I should, I guess I might as well write my own resignation at the same time."

"Wh—why so?" stammered the young fellow.

"Because I saw you pay for a street car ride this morning and you took the platform of the car. You bought a sandwich and spoiled the plateful. You paid for a seat in the train and took mine, too, and if I should give you this place, how do I know that you would not take the whole administration?" — Youth's Companion.

He Would Not Smoke.

The Sardinian peasants are fond of a joke, if their jokes are not always of the keenest. Here is a story, modern at least in its present form, of the taming of a shrew. It is entitled "The Girl Who Did Not Like Smoke:"

There was once a priest who had a niece who was resolved not to marry. Often she was asked, but she would not listen, for she had got it into her head that she would not have a man who smoked. Finally a young fellow came and asked for her hand. Her uncle said to him, "Do you smoke?" Yes, sir, he replied. "Then my niece will refuse you, for she will not have any one who smokes." But the suitor said: "Is that all? I'll let the smoking alone." The uncle called his niece. She said yes, and they were married.

In the evening of the day they were married the bridegroom, without saying a syllable to his wife, went off to bed and was soon fast asleep. And in the same way every day when he came home he never spoke, but went straight to bed without taking any notice of her. She thought this conduct strange, and began to fret and pine. Her uncle said to her one day: "What is the matter that you are always sad? Does he ill treat you?" "No, he doesn't ill treat me; but when he comes home at night he never speaks, but goes to bed and sleeps. In fact, when he is in the house he never utters a word to me."

Then the uncle spoke to the husband: "What is the matter, my son? Are you not satisfied with my niece?" "Oh, yes, uncle," answered he, "but somehow, when I don't smoke, I cannot keep my eyes open."

When the old man repeated this to the bride she said, "If that's it he shall smoke." And from that time she was never satisfied when he had the pipe out of his mouth.—Gentleman's Magazine.

One of Napoleon's Generals.

General de Marbot was a species of D'Artagnan in real life without pose or gasconades, this brilliant staff officer who traverses at full gallop the fiery furnaces of the wars of the empire. Aid-de camp of Augereau, of Lannes and of Massena, ever in the saddle, ever in the front, ever in the midst of danger, Marbot gallops across Europe like a figure in epic chivalry. He is one of the heroes of this later Iliad: "qu'Homere n'inventerait pas," said Theophile Gautier, saluting the Vieux de la Vieille. "And Marbot is always wounded," was a sort of paternal reproach that Napoleon addressed to him as a reward.

The Duc d'Aumale a Tuesday or two ago related to some academicians that he had seen Marbot stretched on the ground by his thirteenth wound. This was in Africa when, I believe, the general was chief of the staff to the Duc d'Orleans. On learning that Marbot had been hurt, the Duc d'Aumale went to visit him and found him lying on straw in his tent, and the old aid-de-camp of Montebello gave vent to his wrath in a phrase as epic as all his career, "To be a lieutenant general, a baron of the empire, a peer of France, a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, have 80,000 francs a year, and be hit by the ball of a filthy Kabyle who has not four sous in his pocket!" To which General d'Haucletot, gloriously envious of his friend's wound, retorted: "Your ball! I'd give you 10,000 francs for your ball."—Athenæum.

Shakespeare Nowhere.

First Theatergoer—How was the new play last night?

Second Theatergoer—Oh, it's grand! Most realistic dramatic success of the age. They've got a real hydrant on the stage—spouts real water. Y'ought t'see it.—Good News.

FOLKLORE OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS.

How the Old Inhabitants of New Mexico Hand Down Their Traditions.

Despite all their progress in civilization, despite their mental and physical acuteness and their excellent moral qualities, the Teewahn are in some things but overgrown children. Their religion is one of the most complicated systems on earth. Besides the highest deities all the forces of nature, all animals, as well as many things that are inanimate, are invested by them with supernatural powers. They do not worship idols, but images and tokens of unseen powers are revered. They do nothing without some reason, generally a religious one, and whatever they observe they can explain in their own superstitious way.

Every custom they have and every belief they own has a reason which to them is all sufficient, and for each they have a story. There is no duty to which a Pueblo child is trained in which he has to be content with the bare command, "Do thus;" for each he learns a fairy tale designed to explain how people first came to know that it was right to do thus, and detailing the sad results which befell those who did otherwise.

It is from this wonderful folklore of the Teewahn that I have learned—after long study of the people, their language, customs and myths—and taken, unchanged and unembellished, this series of Indian fairy tales.

The use of books is not only to tell, but to preserve; not only for today, but for ever. What an Indian wishes to perpetuate must be saved by tongue and ear, by "telling down," as were the world's first histories and poems. This oral transmission from father to son is of sacred importance with natives. Upon it depends the preservation of the amusements, the history, the beliefs, the customs, and the laws of their race. A people less observant, less accurate of speech and of memory, would make a sad failure of this sort of record; but with them it is a wonderful success. The story goes down from generation to generation, almost without the change of a word.

Here in Isleta, the quaint pueblo of the Teewahn where I am living, I have become deeply interested not only in the folk stories themselves, but also in the manner of handing them down. Winter is the season for story telling. Then the thirsty fields no longer cry for water, the irrigating ditches have ceased to gnaw at their banks and the men are often at leisure.

Then of an evening if I go out to visit some vecino (neighbor) I am likely to find in the great adobe living room a group of very old men and very young boys gathered about the queer little corner fireplace with its blazing upright sticks. They, too, have come a-visiting. The young men are gathered in another corner by themselves, eating roasted corn and talking in whispers so as not to disturb their elders, for respect to age is the corner stone of all Indian training. They are not required to listen to the stories, being supposed to know them already.

As I come in, kindly old Tata (grandfather) Lorenso is just beginning a story in the musical Teewahn, and one of the boys runs to bring me a little hewn wooden stool that I may join the circle. Lorenso pauses to make a cigarette from the material in my pouch (they call me "Por Todos," because I have tobacco "for all"), explains for my benefit that this is a story of the beginning of Isleta, pats the head of the chubby boy at his knee, and begins again.—C. L. Lummis in St. Nicholas.

When It Hurt.

An army surgeon in the late civil war had occasion to lance an abscess for a poor fellow at Camp Douglas, and as the sore was obstinate it became necessary to use the knife twice. The operation was not a very painful one, but the patient declared that it had nearly killed him, and when a third resort to the lancet was proposed he protested that he could never go through the operation alive.

The surgeon promised to make it easy for him, and calling up a few of the loungers ordered one of them to hold his hands close over the patient's eyes and two others to grasp his hands firmly.

"This arrangement," explained the doctor, "is said to prevent pain in such an operation. Now lie perfectly quiet, and when I say 'Now!' prepare yourself."

The surgeon at once began quietly with his work, and in a short time had completed the operation without the least trouble, the patient lying as quiet as though in sleep.

When all was done, the surgeon laid aside the knife and said "Now!" Such a roar came from the lips of the sick man as is seldom heard from any human being. He struggled to free himself, yelling, "Oh, doctor, you're killing me!"

Shouts of laughter soon drowned his cries, and he was told the operation had been all over before the signal was given. It was a good joke; but it is doubtful if the poor fellow could ever be made to believe that he did not feel actual pain immediately after that fatal "Now!"—Medical News.

The Aim of Science.

The grasp of the human understanding expands every day. It is only a few years since Humboldt conceived the mighty truth that Cosmos—the universal organization of things—was one system, however many universes it may contain, each atom in it depending upon and having relation to all of the others. Next came Lamarck, who showed that all animals are kin. Then followed the great inventor of the spectroscope, who proved that all of the stars are composed of the same sorts of materials as those which make up the earth. Finally came the discoverers who learned that the invisible powers of nature—heat, light, sound, electricity, magnetism, etc.—are all forms of motion. All these propositions have been demonstrated. What the most advanced scientists are striving now to prove is that mind and matter are one and the same. That proposition represents the highest intellectual effort of the age.—Interview in Washington Star.

A "STRAIGHT TIP."

The Terrible Result of Betting, Especially on a Dead Sure Thing.

"Talk about your sure things on horse races," said the veteran, "have I ever told you about how I was tripped up on the most beautiful straight tip you have ever heard of?"

None of the party had ever heard the story, so the major told it.

"While we were in camp with McClellan," he began, "we had some good horses which were worked just about hard enough to keep them in fine condition. Several of them were pretty good steeplechasers, too, but Colonel Blank had a sorrel mare which could outrun anything in the Army of the Potomac. Well, one day a lot of recruits came into camp. They were well supplied with tobacco and other little luxuries which help to make a soldier's life bearable.

"Some of the boys who had been in camp quite a long time looked enviously on the well filled canteens and haversacks of the newcomers, and it was, perhaps, natural that they should begin to scheme to try to secure some of the luxuries for themselves.

"The idea struck some one to get up a hippodrome horse race. The scheme was of course to have Colonel Blank's mare run against some of the poorer animals. And to have those who were 'in' on the deal to bet against the sorrel mare. The rider of the mare, of course, would be a party to the deal and he would prevent the sorrel from winning the race.

"Well, the details were all arranged and the plans were working nicely. The newcomers had heard all about the fame of the sorrel mare and they took the bait like a charm. All kinds of articles were wagered—tobacco, whisky, coats, boots, and not a small amount of money—on the result. We who had put up the job were laughing in our sleeves for three days before the race took place.

"On the day designated the mile course, which had been laid out on a fairly good road, was lined with bluecoats from one end to the other. When the horses took their places visions of the luxuries which I have named loomed up in our imaginations and we exchanged sly winks as the horses came down past the starter. As soon as the starter yelled 'Go!' the men in the two long lines began to yell and swing their hats in the air.

"The space between these two lines was not more than fifteen or twenty feet wide and this unusual sight and noise frightened the sorrel mare. Well, she just took the bit between her teeth and the way she did skip down that road was a caution. The faster she ran the more the men yelled and the rider could no more check her speed than he could stop a cyclone. At the end of the mile the sorrel led her opponent by fully 300 yards, and not satisfied with this she nearly another mile before her rider could stop her."—New York Tribune.

Imitation at Cheap Restaurants.

The frequenters of some of the cheap restaurants of our large towns would probably suffer from a painful falling off in the appetite were they first to pay a visit to the kitchens from which their savory morsels come. In the interests of their hunger they doubtless show sound discretion in taking the goods the gods of the gridiron send them without questioning or demur. On the other hand, in the interest of sanitation and public welfare, it is quite as important that the cleanliness of our restaurant kitchens should be beyond suspicion as that of our baking establishments.

The local authorities are empowered by the sanitary acts to deal with any work place which is not kept in a cleanly state, or not properly ventilated, etc., so as to be injurious or dangerous to health. It would be interesting to know what attention the local authorities have shown to these establishments.—Hospital.

Something About Money.

There is no place on this wide earth of ours where there is nothing to sell or no money to buy with. The kinds of money people are forced to use would make our boys who are familiar with gold, silver and crisp green paper laugh. Think of currency all the way from strips of odoriferous dried fish to beautiful nature polished sea shells and bright birds' plumage.

Of course we speak of money in its broad sense, meaning something convenient to carry, of a standard value, to be used in exchange or trade; something that costs labor to get or make, and of which every man thinks it would be good to get plenty. The pieces of leather of the Greeks with the rude figure of an ox scratched upon them, standing for a real ox, were just like our bank notes.—Philadelphia Press.

When Silk Was More Precious Than Gold.

Common as is silk nowadays, in earlier times it was a most precious material When it was first brought into Europe silk commanded three times its weight in gold, and so valuable was it deemed that in the reign of Tiberius a law was passed forbidding it to all save noble ladies, and prohibiting men from wearing it on the grounds of its effeminacy. So unusual was it even 200 years later for a man to wear silk that every historian of the time of Heliogabalus noted the fact that that emperor had a silk gown. For ages it continued at an abnormally high price. Charlemagne, in the year 780, could send to King Offa of Mercia no more valuable present than two silk coats.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Problematic Sculptures.

The valley of John Day river, a modest tributary of the Columbia, seems to have become a rendezvous of far western archæologists. Sculptures, carved into a basalt'c ledge of that neighborhood, are supposed to represent "anfaropeid apes," and the question is whether the Oregon Indians could have seen the originals of those emblems. In Sumatra, India, or some ape haunted region of the western continent? A less romantic solution of the enigma would be the conjecture that the sculptures in question do not represent apes at all, but bears or barbarians.—Philadelphia Times.

FOR THE TOILET

There is no more useful or elegant article than Ayer's Hair Vigor—the most popular and economical hair-dressing in the market. It causes the hair to grow abundantly and retain the beauty and texture of youth; prevents baldness, heals troublesome humors of the scalp and keeps it clean, cool, and healthy. Both ladies and gentlemen everywhere prefer Ayer's Hair Vigor to any other dressing for the hair. Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, of Moody, E. Pittston, Me., writes: "I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and falling hair, so that I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor, my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor to any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair."

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CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State at Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday, 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galgan, pastor. Residence 125 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hug McGuire, pastor. Residence 2994 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cushman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church s Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:3 vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2923 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 26th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kolve large, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 285 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Breuggeort S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 533 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 58 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 22 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 168 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Sonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. Georg Rathe, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 533 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 N Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p.m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Pitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 176 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Bsullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Newson, R S, 2618 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 3974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 237 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 508 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 168 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3923 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 3d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2361 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—F H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 83 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Knoera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thometz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 203 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 413 Wanbansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Paxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutte, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S. Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawlean, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 2 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 W Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 941 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitta, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brickat, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fingel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; P Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 566 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; E P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 735 Milwaukee av; H J Semmera, R S, 567 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kanka kee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4521 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, F B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, W. E Graham, 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 126 Forquer st; R. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 376 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Farron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st, William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5236 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec., B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake-st.; C. Sullivan, V-P; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James K. O'Brien, Fin. Rec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 376 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 256 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Abern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P. P. D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 321 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2003 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3126 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kanser's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 13—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lamont, Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcahy; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Centre Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres. James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 716 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 2 p. m., at 198 Blue Island-av

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec. P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 269 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J F Doheny, 2259 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 6456 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 28—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. Kirk. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3209 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3208 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3313 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 636 Thirty-first st.

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A Stable That Rivals That of Wales'.

A wealthy horse owner, who had been all over the world, said a year ago that the Vanderbilt stable at Madison avenue and Fifty-second street was the largest and handsomest equipped stable he had ever seen, and eclipsed even the famous stables of the Prince of Wales. This stable is two stories in height, is built of brick and brown stone, and covers four city lots. The exercising ring in the northern side is covered with a glass dome, and is about fifty feet long and forty feet wide. It has a tanbark ring. On the stone floor in the center rest the sleigh, the light wagon and the buggy that the railroad king used in his lifetime. They have never been disturbed since his death.

Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt and George W. Vanderbilt, her son, use this splendid stable now. It has a dozen large stalls finished in oak. One of them was the one that was reserved for Maud S when the mare was Mr. Vanderbilt's property. In the carriage room are five vehicles that are gems of carriage building art. Two are of American make and three of French manufacture. The vehicles are provided with the rubber cushioned tire, to secure smooth riding. One, a high spring, was built in Paris, and is reputed to be the finest of its kind in the United States.

In the hay loft that extends the entire length of the building are stored light wagons, skeleton wagons and other driving wagons.—New York Sun.

Guests to Be Dreaded.

"The people whom I most dread as guests," remarked a woman noted for her generous hospitality, "are those who have no capacity for small pleasures." Any reader who is accustomed to entertain much will easily recognize the class to which the speaker referred.

They are the persons who are restless unless something is continually "going on," as they express it. They cannot seem to enter into the quiet enjoyments of the family in which they are visiting. A walk, with no special object in view, is to them the tamest sort of recreation. They cannot understand another's delight in finding a new flower; they wonder why you go out on the veranda to view a fine sunset; the success of a new stitch in embroidery or a new receipt in cooking; the pleasurable excitement in tracing a quotation; the arrival of a new book—all these are trifles beneath their notice.

If there are children in the household they pay no attention to their little ambitions and accomplishments. Mary's amateur playing or John's crude attempts at painting have little interest to the visitor who has no gift for finding happiness in small pleasures, but to find it thus is a gift well worth cultivating. —Exchange.

An Idea for a Social Party.

We had what we called a library party, where every young lady dressed in some costume that suggests the title of a book. There were a librarian and pages to wait upon the readers. Each gentleman came to the librarian and obtained a "reader's card," which had his name written across the top.

When a gentleman drew a book—in other words, a young lady—the librarian wrote her name on his card, and in the course of the five minutes during which he was allowed to keep a book out he must guess from her costume the title of the book she represented, and write that title opposite her name on his card. When the hour for closing the library came the cards were taken in and compared, and the one who had guessed the largest number of books correctly received a prize. It is much easier than at first it would seem to prepare the costumes.

I would suggest some for illustration, but that would reveal the secret, which, of course, must be kept from the gentlemen who are likely to take part. This is a splendid device for getting people acquainted, because the librarian may give any book that happens to be in to the gentleman who is calling for one.—Cor. Christian Union.

Bow Legs.

Mothers, in training their little ones to walk, seem never to think of how bones grow; that the bones in a child's legs are soft, half cartilaginous and that it is an easy thing to bend them. Hence the need of being careful about having their children walk too soon, or of keeping them on their feet too long when they are first learning to walk. The senseless conduct of many parents in urging their children to walk prematurely is productive of lasting injury.

Long before soft bones ought to have any strain put upon them, you will see these poor infants made to stand, and even to walk, and by the time they are fourteen or sixteen months old their little legs have been bent very considerably. Pitiful and permanent deformities produced in this way are seen on every hand.

Under a year let the child creep, but do let it walk, seldom, indeed, stand, and then only for a moment; and from a year to eighteen or twenty months do not encourage it to walk much, still less to set it up on its feet to make it walk.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Not on the Maps.

A correspondent writes that a young lady, whose sweetheart was in the Confederate army, received from him a letter that had been smuggled through the lines, for he had been taken a prisoner and sent to Tennessee.

After reading the letter she went to the house of a neighbor and asked to see a map. After a long search she said she could not find the place where Mr. W—— was.

"Where is it, do you say, Mollie?" asked her friend.

"Duranceville," replied Mollie, after looking again at the letter.

Her friend and she still diligently searched the map, but no such place could be found. At last they persuaded her to show them that part of the letter. It read thus:

"I am in durance vile, but hope soon to be exchanged and to return home."

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EDAM CHEESE—We have just received direct from Holland 100 cases of new Edam Cheese in tin foil. These are the finest we have ever seen and will sell them at 99 cents each.

—WE ALSO HAVE—

FINEST HERKIMER CO. CHEESE, Per Lb.....16 CTS
NEW IMPORTED ROQUEFORT CHEESE, Per Lb.39 CTS
BONELESS CODFISH, Per Lb..... 5 CTS

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At Race Track, Mont., in a saloon row Bryant McDonald, a farmer, killed Lee O'Dair, a miner.

Major Ben Tillman, who is alleged to have embezzled a large sum from the Falls City bank of Louisville, suddenly disappeared from Windsor, Ont. He is said to have crossed the river to Detroit.

Jay Cooke, the Philadelphia banker, is about to take his first trip over the Northern Pacific railroad. Though he was the moving spirit of the line in the early days of its career, he has never traveled over it.

In the penitentiary at Frankfort, Ky., Eli Lucas and William Bell Meyer, both long term convicts, fought. Lucas fatally cut Meyer with a knife and Meyer beat Lucas till he was unconscious.

The Paris waiters who have formed a trade union, are now discussing their ultimatum with the restaurant keepers. They not only insist upon their right to wear beards and no uniforms, but also to smoke when not actually serving.

William Beggs was arrested at Ann Arbor, Mich., as he stepped off the train from Chicago. He is wanted at San Jose, Cal., for forgery. He had $3,200 in cash and drafts in his possession.

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Jas. Clarke,
MANAGER,
Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. September Term, 1891. To Timothy Foley and to All Whom It May Concern:

Take Notice that Kate Foley has filed in said Probate Court a petition, praying for the appointment of herself or some other fit and proper person as conservator of said Timothy Foley, an insane person and the hearing of said petition will take place on the first day of the September Term, A. D. 1891, on Monday, the 21st day of September A. D. 1891, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, at which time and place you are hereby notified to attend and show cause, if any you have or can show, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Chicago, September 1, 1891.

ROGER C. SULLIVAN, Clerk.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for petitioner.

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PENSION CLAIMS.

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
U. S. Pension and Claim Agent,
69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO.

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Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH,
Attorney at Law,
609 Opera House Building,
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JAMES O'CONNELL,
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ESTATE OF ANDREW WALSH, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew Walsh, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, August 6, 1891.

CHRISTOPHER KELLY,
MICHAEL McNERNY,
Executors of the last will and testament of Andrew Walsh, deceased.
James McEnerny, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL ENRIGHT, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Enright, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

JULIA ENRIGHT,
Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 7, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW OPERA HOUSE BUILDING 112 CLARK-ST

ESTATE OF PATRICK SHEA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Shea, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

WINIFRED SHEA,
Executrix.

Dated Chicago, July 9, 1891.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL WHELAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Whelan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, July 30, 1891.

JANE M. WHELAN,
Executrix.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix,
Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building, 112 Clark street.

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EDWARD J. McARDLE ATTORNEY, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING.

ESTATE OF PETER FITZSIMMONS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Peter Fitzsimmons, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook county, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court Room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

MARY FITZSIMMONS,
Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JOHANNA SHEEHAN ALIAS Johanna Wall, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Johanna Sheehan alias Johanna Wall, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1891, being the 21st day thereof.

KATIE SHEEHAN,
Administratrix, with will annexed of estate of said deceased.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1891.
E. J. McArdle, Attorney.

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